

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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What more can be Wanted to Prove the Immense and
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June 4, 1860.

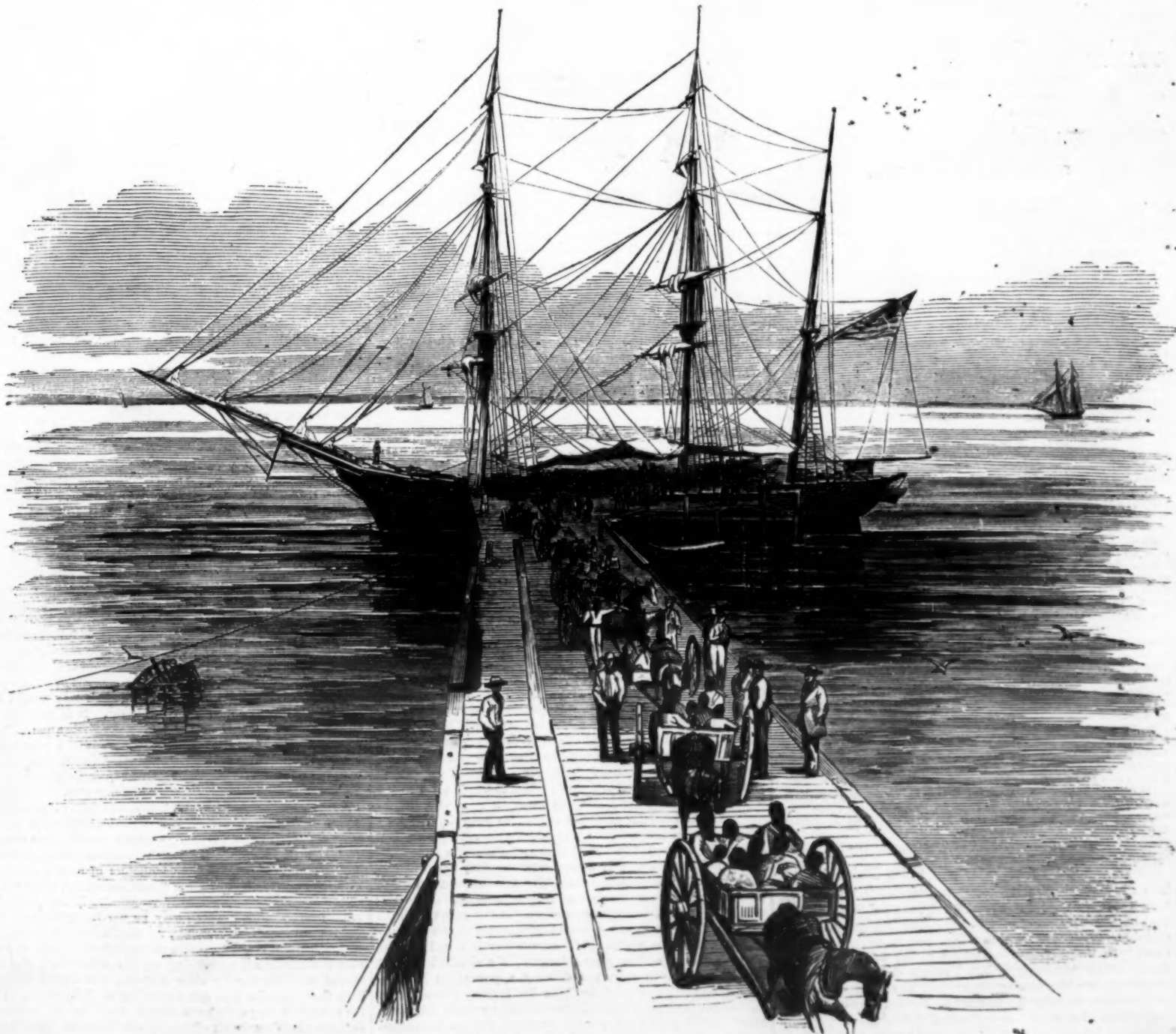
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CAPTURE OF THE SLAVE VESSELS AND THEIR CARGOES.

Our cruisers have been very successful of late in the search after the slavers which infest the Cuban coast, and have already captured three vessels with over one thousand five hundred negroes. The prizes were all taken to Key West and their cargoes landed. Such an accession to the population of that place caused the authorities no little trouble to provide suitable accommodations for them. But by activity and energy, and by calling forth every available resource, in a few days all were comfortably though roughly housed. We present this week an illustration of the

landing of the negroes captured by the United States steamer Wyandotte on the American bark Williams.

On the morning of the 9th of May, while the Wyandotte was on her course for the south side of Cuba, a bark was discovered standing in shore with all sail set to a light breeze. Chase was immediately commenced and continued for four hours, when the wind dying away and the steamer gaining rapidly on the bark, the latter, mistaking the Wyandotte for a Spanish coasting steamer, tacked and boldly stood out from the land. About eleven A. M., the Wyandotte being within speaking distance of the bark, Captain Stanley hailed her in Spanish, asking what vessel it was, and received in reply, "American," spoken in



LANDING OF THE CARGO OF SLAVES CAPTURED ON BOARD THE AMERICAN BARK WILLIAMS BY THE U. S. STEAMER WYANDOTTE—DISSEMBARKATION AT KEY WEST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID LAWRENCE.

good English. He then ordered her to show her colors, which she did, by hoisting the American flag. An officer was then sent on board, and she was found to be the American bark Williams, Captain Simms, apparently engaged in lawful trade, as there were no visible signs of negroes being on board. But on lifting the tarpaulins with which the hatches were covered, the woolly heads of a number of negroes were immediately thrust up in bold relief to the light, causing the boarding party, in the excitement of the moment, to give three cheers, which was answered by those on board the Wyandotte. Lieutenants Read and Eggleston and a prize crew of nineteen sailors and marines were then placed on board, and the officers, crew and passengers of the bark taken on board the Wyandotte, and the prize towed to Key West.

The poor Africans were conveyed from the bark in carts and taken at once to their temporary quarters, where every care was taken to provide for their cleanliness and comfort.

The number of Africans originally taken on board the Williams at the Congo River is variously stated. The American captain says there were only six hundred and sixty-four received; while other and perhaps more correct accounts state the number to have been seven hundred and fifty. If this be true, the mortality among them has been very great; for there were but five hundred and forty-six Africans on board when captured, thus leaving two hundred and four to be accounted for. To this latter number must be added the six found dead on board (said to have been killed by the crew in preserving silence and preventing detection before being boarded by captors), and the thirty-three who died on the passage to Key West—making a total of two hundred and forty-three deaths!

The treatment they received on board this vessel bears no comparison with that given to those who were on board the Wildfire. The vessel was found to be in a filthy condition, and the living freight uncared for.

The prisoners have been confined in jail, and are undergoing an examination before Commissioner Bethel.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1860.

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Foreign News.

By the Niagara the news is important. The chief interest turns upon Garibaldi, who, after landing on the 11th at Marsala, marched upon Palermo, routing the royal troops on the way. Those fed in such confusion that they entered Palermo without their arms and very bare of clothing. Garibaldi then took possession of Monreale, the heights which surround and command Palermo. After several attempts of General Lauro to dislodge them, Garibaldi made an attack upon Palermo on the 27th of May, and, after a desperate conflict of six hours, established his headquarters in the very centre of the city. At the time the Niagara left, the royal fleet was bombarding the place. The success of Garibaldi had exercised such a paralyzing effect on the Neapolitan Ministry that it had resigned, and the wretched tyrant, Bomba, jun., when too late, was offering a liberal Cabinet to stop public discontent. All offers of amnesty to the Sicilians have been rejected by the indignant population. The commander of the British fleet at Palermo had offered protection to American residents.

From England, we hear that on the evening of the 30th, Heenan and Sayers receive a grand ovation in the Alhambra, Leicester square. Dowling, editor of *Bell's Life*, presented Heenan with a duplicate belt, and George Wilkes, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, presented one precisely similar to Tom Sayers. England is thus graced and defended by Dromed champion. Heenan is, however, the fighting, Sayers the sleeping partner in this new firm.

France has increased her army one hundred thousand men, and everything evinced a very uneasy feeling on the part of the European Governments. There is evidently a secret understanding with Russia on the Turkish question, which may probably bring about a collision between England, Austria and Prussia on the other hand. However, the ascendancy of Russia at the Dardanelles may endanger British supremacy in the Mediterranean; the extinction of that barbarous anomaly in Europe is a necessity which must come sooner or later. If the agreement between Russia and France contemplates the handing over of Egypt to the latter Power, a war between France and England is inevitable, and there is no doubt the Napoleon dynasty would disappear in the struggle.

The Chinese have positively declined the French and English propositions, and the war has now commenced. The Allies have resolved to occupy Chusan. The London Times attacks the Neapolitan Government with great severity for its cruelties, and cites many revolting instances, in which young women have been tortured to death. Should the young villain, Bomba, have to fly, he had better not take shelter in England, as he would get the same treatment the brewers gave the infamous Hayman.

The Monitor had published an article professing the Emperor's pacific intentions, which had been mercilessly lashed by the London Times. The "amicable hostility" between the two great Western Powers is evidently growing.

Postmaster Holt upon the Post Office Defalcations.

The triangular duel—a la Midshipman Easy—which Postmaster General Holt, his Third Assistant, Zevely, and Mr. Sixth Auditor Tate have had in consequence of the Fowler defalcation, has resulted in a very loud report from Mr. Holt, in reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives calling for the facts and circumstances pertaining to Mr. Fowler's delinquency. It is a strange and most interesting document. The Postmaster-General excuses or explains the inability of Marshal Rynders to capture the genial defaulter, on account of the extensive sympathy manifested for the latter by his numerous friends in New York. "This feeling," says the philosophic and explanatory Holt, "instead of affording aid and support to the executive officer in en-

forcing the claims of public justice, would naturally prompt to efforts for the concealment of the culprit." He intimates, however, that if they ever catch J. V. Fowler, the full penalties of the statute will be inflicted. Mr. Holt exonerates Mr. Zevely, and lays the blame of the growth of the defalcation on the official desk of the Sixth Auditor.

The defalcation, up to March 31, 1860, amounted to \$156,654 31, but the late cashier of Mr. Fowler alleges the actual deficit to be about \$170,000. This may be true, as the accounts for the current quarter have not been audited, "and the amount abstracted," to use Mr. Holt's phrase, has not yet been ascertained. The department first became cognizant of the affair on the 10th of May, the First Auditor showing Mr. Holt two confidential letters—confessing the defalcation—from Fowler, written in reply to an official communication asking him to "hurry up." The report of the Auditor gives an account of the progress of the defalcation. From it we perceive that the origin of the embezzlement is dated as far back as December 31, 1855, at which Mr. Fowler owed a balance of \$8,985 70. This deficit was increased by \$17,037 98 the following quarter, and with the exception of three quarters—the last of 1856 and the first two of 1857—the increase continued until the final exposure. On the 30th June, 1857, it had reached the sum of \$23,020 88. This was adjusted by a special deposit of \$20,000 on the 8th of August, 1858, which, with the credits for clerk hire, &c., which were allowed, balanced the account and left \$1,999 19 to the credit of Mr. Fowler. This settlement, however, was deceptive, and the Postmaster-General shows how it was, thus: In consequence of this special deposit having been made, the weekly one of the current revenues due on the date at which the deposit was made (August 8th), was omitted, so that, in fact, a deficit equal to nearly a week's receipts remained. The defalcation now progressed with considerable rapidity. \$40,074 95 were added to it the following quarter. On the 30th of September, 1858, the deficit was \$75,899 96. In November the books were again balanced, but the adjustment, like that in August, was altogether delusive. It was accomplished by applying the deposits of the revenues already received of the quarter ending December 31, 1858, to extinguish the pre-existing liability. "There was not a dollar paid, but simply a transfer of the indebtedness from one quarter to another." When Mr. Holt took charge of the Post Office Department in March, 1859, the deficit was not short of \$80,000. At the close of that month it was \$93,933 98, and it continued, says the report, "to augment, until at the close of the first quarter of the present year it had reached a magnitude which would probably have rendered its concealment impracticable for more than a few months longer. Had the settlement, however, not been insisted on early in May, but have been postponed until the end of the quarter, then, by perverting its entire revenues to meet the liabilities due March 31, 1860, the books might, under this device, have been again balanced, and the denouement of this drama of financial guilt been delayed for three months more."

The question then arises, how could this embezzlement have existed longer? Mr. Holt answers: "The true explanation of the ignorance of the Department of the existence and progress of this fraud must be sought for in the failure of the Sixth Auditor to report the constantly recurring delinquencies of Mr. Fowler to the Postmaster-General." He further states that the office of the Auditor in its relations to the Department is rather anomalous. To his hands are intrusted the administration of its highest interests, and yet he belongs to another department of the Government, and is absolutely under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Auditor (Dr. Tate), in defining his position, takes ground: First, that a knowledge of the delinquencies of deposit offices—to which class that of New York belongs—is not chargeable upon his office; and second, that a regulation of the Department so modified his duty under the general law as to absolve him from the obligation of reporting such delinquencies to the Postmaster-General.

While the present Third Assistant Postmaster, who came into office, March, 1859, is exonerated, the late incumbent "after a careful examination," is found culpable of negligence in his supervision of the weekly deposits. The record shows that between January 1, 1857, and January 1, 1858, there were eleven weeks in which no deposits from the New York Post Office were made. During the period referred to the deposits repeatedly fell as low as six, five, and on two occasions, four thousand dollars per week—an amount so far below the average that it should have at once aroused suspicion. Mr. Holt cannot find any indication that these defaults were made known to his predecessor. Such is the pith and point of the eighty-two pages of official printing fresh from the press on the subject.

The Great Eastern in our Waters.

AFTER many months of anxious expectation, the mighty monster of the ocean is at this moment ploughing her way to this shore. Perhaps before these words reach the eyes of our readers she may be safely anchored opposite the Battery, the observed of a hundred thousand observers. Although a year has now elapsed since her first voyage was projected, although she has been described over and over again, and illustrated in every possible shape and way, the public interest in her has not in the least diminished. She is intended to illustrate a principle which, if successful, will assuredly entirely revolutionize the present system of naval architecture. It is this fact which gives to her appearance so deep and lasting an interest. Her vast dimensions, her proportions in every respect so gigantic, will fully satisfy the most preposterous wondermongers amongst us, and she will be a "sight" to tens of thousands for weeks to come.

If the Great Eastern is a mechanical success she will certainly prove commercially successful. It behoves us, then, to study her out thoroughly, that we may be prepared for the tremendous competition which must ensue. A few such mercantile monsters in the hands of our great rivals would absorb the carrying trade of the world. We cannot rest idle and careless while threatened with so great a danger. We should be up and stirring—we should meet our friendly opponent on her own ground, and strive to tread closely in her footsteps, even though she has got the start of us. There will be no want of money to commence the great work should the Great Eastern prove successful. There are millions of dollars lying idle, waiting the advent of some legitimate and sterling speculation. The Chamber of Commerce should appoint a Committee with power

to thoroughly investigate the subject, and report to that body at the earliest possible moment. If that report endorses the success of the Great Eastern, it will clearly indicate a profitable way for the investment of our millions of surplus capital.

The News from Japan.

THE overland mail from San Francisco brings us the intelligence that on the 15th of March, as Prince Gotario was travelling from his country seat to the Tycoon's palace in Yeddo, he was attacked by a party of his political enemies, who were disguised as travellers, and assassinated, six of his guards or attendants sharing his fate.

The same arrival brings also the news that on the first of April several of those complicated in this plot suffered the penalty of their crime, some of them being allowed the privilege of hari-kari, or happy dispatch. In other words, they were permitted to commit suicide. This absolved them from the loss of their estates, and relieved their families from the odium of an execution.

We know so little of the politics of this singular people, that it is idle to draw any inference from this event. It seems, however, pretty certain, that the murdered Prime Minister was in favor of a liberal policy, since, had he opposed the embassy to this country, he would not have remained in power. It is also equally probable that the party to which he belonged retains the ascendancy still, since, had the lovers of the obsolete ideas been successful, the assassins would not have been punished, as they evidently have been. The rumor is, that some of the high princes were concerned in the attempted revolution.

What effect this catastrophe may have upon the Embassy now in New York, is, of course, impossible to predict. It is not impossible they may be kept in ignorance of the whole affair for some time to come.

City Railroad Impositions.

IT is a peculiarity of the spirit of reform and improvement in all American cities, and particularly in New York, that it advances not in a steady and efficient course, but by convulsions. A great abuse is frequently pointed out to the public; the press batters and storms away; every body predicts a marvellous amendment and astounding results; there is a nine days' riot and we are on the high road to improvement. But the old stagers wink and say, "Wait till the nine days are over!" Perhaps the storm really becomes so serious as to compel those interested to take efficient measures. This has taken place more than once. But it is melancholy to reflect that, in a Christian country and in the nineteenth century, it should be necessary to employ such powerful and convulsive means of reform, to simply effect what the law of the land should quietly carry out. In most cases, however, the storm of excitement does no good, and when the nine days are over, the whole matter sleeps neglected. It is, perhaps, almost needless to say to the reflecting reader, that of all methods of effecting anything, the convulsive is perhaps the most inefficient.

We were treated a few months ago to one of these convulsive efforts to reform one of the grossest abuses and impositions on the patience and pockets of our citizens, in the form of an attack on the miserable and dishonest management of the city passenger railroads. The managers and owners of these roads were told plainly enough and truly enough by more than one cotemporary, that if the streets were relinquished to them, and if they were to have the privilege of running vehicles and of carrying people, common decency required that they should give something like an equivalent and that their rates of carriage should not be so impudently exorbitant—as they so long have been. They were told what everybody knows, that they have no business to admit standing passengers; that their straps and rods for "upright riders" were a disgrace to them, and that if they had such a run of custom as to render these contrivances useful, they can afford to put on extra cars. The experience of Philadelphia in this matter has abundantly tested the fact, that there is not the slightest use in crowding cars, while as regards prices, it has been amply demonstrated, that three cents per passenger is quite enough for any one to pay for a ride of the average length. We refer with pleasure, as regards investigation of this latter point, to the valuable information collected and published by the New York Times.

Not only should every passenger in a car have a seat, but that seat should be separated by arms or otherwise marked off and defined. There is at present altogether too much irregularity, too much dependence on the mutual courtesies of passengers, and too much treatment of passengers in general as if they were mere freight. With the exception of the very small minority of courteous and well-bred ladies, women in New York cars turn gentlemen out of their seats without ceremony and generally without thanks. No lady will enter a car which she can see is full, knowing, as she must, that after a due amount of sham ceremony and sham declining she will end by turning somebody out of a paid-for seat. But, as we have already intimated, these points of courtesy and refinement are but little looked to. The best way would be to abolish the standing-up system altogether. It is an imposition and a nuisance deserving the strongest reprehension. Those who have seen burly strap-holding vagabonds in a crowded car, squeezing themselves against ladies sitting down, will, perhaps, comprehend one very decided objection against the stuffing and cramming system of packing city passenger cars.

Finally, we would like to ask if there can be any reasonable objection urged against more efficient means being taken to preserve order and decency in the city passenger cars? Cases very frequently occur in which police interference is necessary, and when it cannot be obtained. If the conductors of cars were clothed with the authority and power of special constables, these evils of disorder would be very promptly remedied. If the proposition be open to objection, we shall only be too happy to see it fully and fairly debated. Meanwhile, we would suggest to our readers in the many towns and cities of the interior where city passenger railroads are now being rapidly established, that they should take warning by older example, and rigidly bind and limit the companies who get possession of their streets, so that the comfort of the public be consulted as well as the pockets of swindling legislators and of hungry stockholders, clamorous for twelve and fifteen per cent. The present state of the contract between the New York city roads and those who ride on them is simply summed up in the expressive word, "imposition!"

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

In our last number we gave a brief account of the piratical murders committed on board the *Saladin* in 1844, which implicated Hicks, the oyster sloop foin, in the tragedy. A writer in the *Frederick*, who avows himself one of the jury on the trial of the *Saladin* pirates, declares that all the criminals were hanged. If so, this wretched man must have claimed a share of this atrocity out of a desire to increase a horrible notoriety. This is not an uncommon disease in some natures. We often see men who disgust their acquaintances with imaginary loathings. To such applies the sarcasm of Chesterfield, "Ah, sir, you are not so bad as you flatter yourself you are!"

There is an unnamable anxiety among the New York press to meet or vituperate the dwellers in our rectangular neighbor, Philadelphia. This is very unjust, and may be productive of much evil. We are particularly struck with the indignation evinced by some of our daily papers here on the "blackguard behavior"—this unpleasant adjective is not ours, we merely quote it—of some of the Philadelphians to the Chinese Embassy. This, really, would seem as though New York were indignant at the City of Brotherly Love for its production of model rowdies!

A Well-Known Phenomenologist has the following advertisement in the daily papers: "Can I become an orator? If you have a good intellect, large language, and with proper training, you may!" Now, it does not take a ghost to come all the way from the spiritual world to tell us that. It is, however, saying that very few of our present speakers are orators, since few of them have either good intellect or large language, except in their enormous lying. There, indeed, their language is large and tall.

Some Days Ago, a notorious vagabond and rowdy, named Riley, who has long been a terror to the community, was sentenced by Judge Russell to two years' penal servitude for an attempt to murder. Of course, his kindred spirits, the politicians, could not afford to lose so valuable a man, and a petition lavishly signed by the Tuomeys, Flanaganas, Flahertys, and others of that patronymic, was presented, requesting a suspension of sentence on the exemplary criminal. Judge Russell very properly refused to listen to such a document. The *Times*, however, published the petition with the signatures, when John Murphy, the Deputy Sheriff, comes out in a card to explain that he was asked by two friends to sign a paper, which they told him was something else. Had he known it was for such a man as Riley, he would have had his right hand cut off rather than endeavor to shield him. Why does not Mr. Murphy publish the names of his two friends?

Some Time Ago a little Dutch paper published a glowing certificate, endorsing the marvellous accuracy of some pictures relating to Mr. Heenan, and which certificate was signed by Mrs. Heenan. John C. Heenan has written a letter, in which he positively declares himself a bachelor.

The Daily Times has most absurd ideas of city government. It expresses indignation that the Common Council refuse to clean the streets unless they make something out of the job. The present officials know their duties.

The Same Paper is equally unreasonable in its desire to send our Japanese visitors back to Yoddo, as if no doubt fears they will be too late for the Hari-Kari going on there by the last accounts, although they affect to be in great alarm lest, by staying here, the Japanese guests should peril their lives. We are of opinion that the longer they stay here the longer they will live, and they also stand the eventual chance of saving their lives when they go home by dying here in the meantime!

The Lively Philadelphia Correspondent of the New York Times, who signs "O. J.," and Dr. McKendall, of the Philadelphia Press, are arranging the preliminaries of a hostile meeting. In his letter to the *Daily Times* of Wednesday, O. J. accuses Mac of cutting a sentence in two. When an O and a Mac meet, the shillalegh is a foregone conclusion that the two Colts will cut one another in two. O also calls Mac eccentric, which is very eccentric of O.

The Old Freak of Nero fiddling while Rome is burning receives its analogy at the present time. When all Italy is regenerating itself, and Pope Pius is on the threshold of a revolution, he is busy, not in granting reforms to his people, but in making saints! The last one of this precious batch is a certain Labree, who died in 1783. He was an old French beggar, and according to the criminal records, gifted with taking what did not belong to him—in other words, stealing—though that tolerant scribbler, Shakespeare, says, "Convey, the wise call!" This Labree the Pope has elevated into the calendar!

We Are Sorry to say that all the great Irishmen have their noses put out of joint. Wellington, Napier, Burke, Goldsmith, Tom Meagher, Jack Savage and Mike Doherty are "nowhere!" Garibaldi turns out to be an Irishman! We give the proofs of this startling assertion:

A Limerick paper says: The famous Garibaldi is of Irish extraction. His grandfather was engaged in the troubles of 1798, and emigrated to Italy. His name was Garret Baldwin—changed to Garibaldi—and his residence was on the borders of the county of Limerick, but in the county of Cork.

Since Charles Lamb proved that the Chinese Fo was the Scriptural Noah, we have had nothing clearer; it is, in fact, as clear as mud. But there is a drawback to everything, it is not original; for it is a mere imitation of Lamb's method of proving the pigtail to be the Hebrew shipbuilder: "If you take away from Fo, and substitute N, and add ah, there you have it at once. Fo is Noah, that's clear. 'Which nobody can deny! Which nobody can deny!' as the old song says." We wonder if Garry O'Baldy smokes a short stumpy-tailed pipe, drinks potent, wears brogans and carries a shillalegh?

The Philadelphia Correspondent of the Herald has very elevated notions of honesty. We will quote his own words:

"As an instance of the honesty of these people, I may mention that I accidentally left my umbrella behind me in one of the cars of the special train on Saturday last, and on going back to search for it a few minutes after the Japanese had left the depot, I found it missing. I heard nothing more of it till this morning, when one of the Japanese called to me by name as I was passing along one of the corridors of the hotel, and said, 'I've got your umbrella,' and he took me into his room and produced the lost article from a drawer. I had placed it beside him in the car, and seeing that I went away without it he had taken charge of it himself!"

It is very clear, from the time that elapsed between the loss and the restoration, that there must have been a tremendous struggle going on in the mind of the honest Japan man. The Philadelphia forgets to add that the umbrella would not put up, and was valued at less than five cents. Still, we can sympathize with the Philadelphian; retaining an umbrella, even if cotton, is rare, and if silk, perfectly impossible.

One Day last Week a young medical student was arrested, charged by Dr. Jones of Broadway with having stolen \$300 from a safe in the room where he sat. The evidence against the youth was that the money had been taken from the safe, and that he had a key which would unlock the safe, which key he had no business to possess. Further investigation proves that the money was found in another part of the safe, and that the key would not open the safe, and that it belonged to the young man's trunk! Justice Conolly consequently dismissed the complaint. Is there no law to reach Dr. Jones for his reckless behavior in this matter?

Judge Smalley, who tried Hicks, has lately presided at two other trials for offences on the high seas. The first was that of eight sailors for mutiny, and the other was for the killing of the second mate of the Henry Warren by a sailor named Ellis. It appears that the second mate was brutally beating the prisoner, and had knocked him down, and that to save his life he drew his knife, and stabbed the remorseless ruffian. Judge Smalley after making a few remarks on the cruelty with which captains and officers treat their men, sentenced Ellis to four months' imprisonment and a nominal fine.

PERSONAL.

ANTHONY BARCLAY, the former British Consul of this port, is in New York, staying at the Clarendon Hotel.

MR. LEO LY STEVENSON, who was on board the *Margaret* when she went to Japan in 1860, is still living in Salem. He is eighty-six years old.

CALIXTO COMINO is in Baltimore, looking for an appropriate hall for holding the National Democratic Convention in.

GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER has again visited Central America with his staff, which the *Daily News* calls a few intimated individuals.

JOHN BROUGHAM is performing in Boston. He will play a farewell engagement in New York previous to his visit to Europe.

The Japanese spy, while in Baltimore, was robbed of his pipe and two swords! It is earnestly hoped that the respectable person who stole them will return them to the disconsolate owner, who will not be able to smoke or harikari himself till they are returned.

Dr. TARR has had the honor of Professor of Medical Jurisprudence conferred upon him, which the Philadelphia Bulletin says "is quite a feather in his cap." It is not often that Tarr and Sutherland go together so pleasantly.

The Boston Courier says that a well-known domestic servant of the

was on the point of sailing. The Boston daguerrotypist denies the imputation, and has sued the Courier for a libel.

The Prince of Wales will, on his arrival in Nova Scotia, lodge in the same palace that received his grandfather, the Duke of Kent.

GENERAL JENCKE died in Washington on Sunday, the 10th. He was one of the ablest and most respected officers in the service.

MRS. SPATLING, of the Cape Palmas Protestant Episcopal Mission, died lately there.

COLONEL DELAHELD, of the West Point Academy, has retired from the Superintendentcy, his term of office having expired.

The news of the great fight between Sayers and Hoeman reached San Francisco in twenty days from the time of leaving England. This was through the Pony Express.

MRS. LINCOLN is a very accomplished lady, aged thirty-six, and a very strict Presbyterian. There will be no whiskey drinking at the White House if she keeps the keys of the cupboard.

MRS. BELL is also a lady of decided character, and speaks her mind very freely when it is necessary.

MRS. DOUGLASS is very hospitable and queenly, and a zealous believer in the Saints, of which of course St. Stephen is at the head of the list.

THAT atrocious villain, Brigham Young, has actually had the audacity to visit Philadelphia, where we understand he now is. Why do not our Federal authorities arrest him for some of his numerous crimes? At this very minute a cargo of beighted and depraved brutes, to the number of eighty, are on their way from Liverpool to Utah via New York. They are principally German and English.

The failure of Jecker & Co., the Mexican bankers, has ruined Gabriel, the French Minister to that country. Never did man so richly deserve destruction, financial, temporal and spiritual, as that tool of tyranny and priestcraft.

The Chancellor of New Jersey has denied the application for a writ of error in the *Rev. Jacob Harden's* case. The morbidly infatuated women who are endeavoring to save him have therefore petitioned the Court of Pardons for a commutation of punishment.

CAPTAIN HENRY, who went to Mr. Senator Sumner's room and threatened him with personal castigation for his speech, has apologized to the vituperative orator of the North. The poor man was under the influence of liquor when he made so great a fool of himself.

MR. KOBLENK, whose Germanic operatic experiment at the Broadway in 1857 resulted so honorably but unprofitably for himself, has resumed his business as baker and confectioner in Washington street, Hoboken.

SEKRETERARY FLOYD has summoned General Harney to Washington to arrange the campaign against the Indians. If he shows as much rashness and folly in the proposed operation as he did in the Columbia River dispute with England, the Government will have to send General Scott again to repair his blunders.

GEORGE WILKES, the editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, and the writer of the famous account of the great fight that appeared in our *Illustrated Newspaper*, both the London and New York editions, is expected to arrive in the Niagara. A Committee is appointed to arrange the preliminaries of his reception.

We are happy to announce the marriage of H. D. Palmer, so well and favorably known in the world of music and the drama, with Miss Alice Day. This auspicious event took place at St. John's Church, on the 14th inst.

As some persons doubted the authenticity of Lord Macaulay's letter to Mr. Randall, on the ground of its sentiments, Mr. Randall has published several extracts from other letters of the great historian, all breathing the same spirit.

MR. FAULKENBERG, our new Minister to France, is so disgusted with the manners of that frivolous and frog-eating nation that he intends returning. His family are equally anxious to return to America.

The City Government of Boston has, through Governor Banks, arranged with the American Watch Company for the privilege of introducing the Japanese while in that city to their celebrated watch manufacturing, situated near the residence of his Excellency in Waltham. This is much better than late suppers and a big crowded ball, and mass introductions that mean nothing. Such civilities and courtesies reflect credit upon the good sense of the City Fathers of our modern Athens.

Passing Notices.

French's Conical Washing Machine.—Among the many ingenious and useful labor-saving inventions designed to ameliorate the burthens that press so wearily and so unceasingly upon the health, time and happiness of American women in the department of the family economy, we know of no one that will be likely to prove a greater benefactor, or that will be hailed with more complete and universal satisfaction, than French's Conical Washing Machine. This is a new invention just beginning to be introduced. We have thoroughly tried it, and have found it, beyond all question, to be a simple and completely efficient washer for all kinds of clothes.

From the many futile attempts that have been made to produce a satisfactory Washing Machine, we were greatly induced to admit as among the probabilities that washing would ever be done neatly and rapidly, without great injury to the fabric, by any mechanical device. We had tried Rotatory Washing Machines, Rubbing Machines, Spring Pumping Machines, Vacuum Machines, Rack Action Rotary Machines, Cataract Machines, Ball Machines, Machines Horizontal, Machines Angular, Machines Perpendicular, and Machines Circular, all to no satisfactory purpose; and had resigned the idea of witnessing, in our day, any practical improvement in the method of disposing of the great question of "What shall we do with our dirty linen?" We confess to having indulged in the delusions of old fogies, and have been aroused from our Rip Van Winkle state most unexpectedly by Messrs. P. & R. French, who have undertaken the gracious but herculean task of reducing the toil and terrors of "washing day" in American homes to an interesting morning exercise.

The Conical Washing Machine supercedes the necessity of the troublesome soaking and boiling process. The clothes are put into the machine dry, using boiling hot suds, and the process of working the machine may be performed by any one. In country homes, where ladies do their own washing, the Conical Washer will be invaluable, and we can do our fair friends no greater service than by calling their attention to this simple, efficient and universally desirable friend of women, which takes rank hardly second to the Sewing Machine.

Machines can always be seen in operation at the Depot, No 419 Broadway corner of Canal street, New York city.

The National Gymnasium.—This establishment was opened on the evening of the 14th instant. A large number of invitations were issued, and the attendance was very large and fashionable. The Gymnasium comprises the second and third stories of the large building known as Knickerbocker Hall, on the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue. The gymnasium proper, on the second floor, is 90 by 65 feet, with 21 feet ceiling, and is amply supplied with all the various apparatus for gymnastic exercise. The floor above, occupied for dressing-rooms, is elegantly carpeted and furnished, and has convenient accommodations for three hundred and sixty subscribers, besides bath-rooms, reading and smoking rooms, &c. The crowd was so great that but few gymnastic feats could be accomplished, but the visitors expressed much satisfaction at the perfection of the arrangements. We have no doubt but that the gymnasium of Messrs. Ratz and Beach will be a great success.

DRAMA.

The weather thus far has been most propitious to theatrical managers. No close and sultry evenings have rendered the auditorium stifling; on the contrary, the night air has been almost too cool for comfort, consequently "The Overland Route" has still its thousands of passengers, "The Japanese Embassy" receives hosts of guests, and even Miss Dean (we beg her pardon, Mrs. Hayne), has extended her season, and, by way of preventing her house from being overcrowded, produced, or rather revived, the stupid local piece called, "Young New York." This play just escaped being a failure when first put upon the stage by Miss Keane some years ago, and we hardly think that public taste has degenerated to such a degree as to warrant the supposition of its success to-day.

We have not visited Niblo's since our last issue, no novelty having been offered. Probably the flowers, the fountains and the music are all sufficient attractions to crowd the halls, saloons and theatre nightly. This establishment is not to enjoy a monopoly in the Garden line, however, for on Monday last a very formidable rival entered the field, Mr. Le Forrest having on the evening of that day thrown open his Palace Garden to the public for the season. Charming as this place has ever been, it this year quite eclipses its former glory. The flowers and fountains are arranged with great good taste, the walks nicely gravelled, the seats and tables miraculously clean, the lights beautifully adjusted, and the attendance all that could be desired. There is no pleasanter place in New York to spend an evening in hot weather than this Palace Garden.

Barnum's Museum.—This agreeable refuge against the heat is now more attractive than ever. Crowds of well-dressed citizens while their vacant hours away in it. In a lounge we took there with a famous politician the other afternoon, we saw a millionaire and some of the most fashionable of our citizens congregated to see the famous spirit-rapper Van Buren R. Y. Our politician said, when he saw Professor Hitchins add up the columns of figures, that Prince Phineas ought to send him to the Post Office, to "sum up" the accounts there. Mr. Clarke's dramatic supervision is quite as effective as in days of yore.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

June 18, 1860.

There are days of corruptions—money-taking and money-making at all risks. The Corvode Investigating Committee has been examining all manner of infamous dealings and doings from the Administration sealings. According to this sworn testimony, Attorney-General Black is proved to be even blacker than his sable cognomen; but they say the "old boy" is not so black as he is painted. However this may be, we have a new excitement growing out of his—not the "old boy's," but the Attorney-General's—Report on the Californian Land Claims, just submitted to Congress. In that clever document he visits the majority of the claims with summary and ferocious punishment, denouncing them as fraudulent and unjust, and claiming for himself the economical honor of thereby saving over a hundred millions to his Government. I see it stated in the papers that Mr. Black had his report called for, to cover the exposures of the Corvode investigations. This was a laudable effort and may be true, but I am not posted in the Attorney-General's confidence. But it would seem that he has sat upon another hornet's nest—the Californian claimants will be about his ears. One has promptly come out in a pamphlet in reply to the honorable Attorney-General; makes most serious charges against him in regard to his action in what is called the "Panoche Grandi" case. This gentleman, W. McGarran, Esq., of California, reviews, in very bold and bitter terms, the report of Mr. Black, refutes it sentence by sentence, and charges him with having "falsified the records of his own office to mislead the Supreme Court and accomplish his dishonest purposes." I cannot go through the points, but as, from the nature of the case, it has created and will create much conversation in political and judicial circles here and all circles in California, I make a brief extract from Mr. McGarran's letter:

"The Attorney-General concludes his notice of the 'Panoche Grandi' case by summing up the sentences already briefly mentioned upon me, and by presenting the whole case as conceived in fraud and conducted in fabrication. He says that 'the object of the claimant was very near being consummated by an imposture on the Supreme Court.' I have already shown that the 'imposture,' whatever that was, was undertaken by the knowledge and consent of the Attorney-General; and, moreover, I add, that no step whatever in the case was taken or undertaken in the Supreme Court without his consultation and concurrence, and this he well knows I can prove by my counsel. I have shown the groundless atrocity of these statements, and that in the summary given by Mr. Black there is a wilful excellence of misrepresentation from beginning to end. Where he is not vague, he is violent."

"The solicitude of the excellent Attorney-General for the public funds is commendable, but in it he seems to have taken the advice of Hamlet to his mother, and 'assumed a virtue though he had it not.'"

McGarran challenges the Attorney-General to prove his reflections on the claim, and says, if he cannot do so, "he (Black) must stand before an impartial public as a convicted and reckless calumniator." It would seem to be the fate of the Administration leaders to be constantly getting from the trying-pan into the fire.

Mr. H. M. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, declined the Paraguay Commissionership. It has been accepted by Hon. Cave Johnson, a member of President Polk's Cabinet. The salary is very small, but probably suitable enough for the importance of the occasion. People wonder why Cave Johnson should take such a place, but the cute ones say that any place will be accepted by a place man. Mr. Johnson, previous to his being in the Polk Cabinet, was a member of Congress from Polk's State (Vermont), for fourteen years.

The funeral of Major-General Jessup took place yesterday, and was a highly respectable and imposing spectacle. In addition to a general attendance of the military, Cabinet and the Officers of Departments, a very large procession of carriages showed the esteem in which the old hero of Chippewa and Landy's Lane was held by the citizens of Washington. The presence of Generals Winfield Scott and John E. Wool, at the burial ceremony of their old comrade in arms, attracted attention and respect.

John R. Thompson, so favorably known as a *literateur*, and for thirteen years editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, has ceased his connection with that publication and gone to Georgia to edit a weekly journal. The *Messenger* is the only Southern periodical that has sustained itself and an editor for any length of time. It was made known first to the world by the trenchant articles of Edgar A. Poe. Thompson took charge of it when but a youth, and just out of the University, and conducted it with gentlemanly taste, tact and talent, since 1847. A complimentary dinner was given to the resigning magazine, by several distinguished citizens of Richmond, who made the heavy hours light on the occasion. All wish Mr. Thompson success and a happy "Field and Fireside" in his new home.

Hammond, of South Carolina, got off a sharp commentary on the habits of Senators and Representatives, yesterday, in the Senate. He was opposing the holding of night sessions, as there never was any business done at them. He said that in Europe, this in the days of old Rome anything done after sunset was considered impudic; and, added the Senator, "that was before the discovery of alcohol." He then sat quietly down.

Our London Correspondence.

May 30, 1860.

HARD on the heels of two or three great excitements, you are soon to have the great lion of the season, the Great Eastern steamer. What with Japanese Embassies, the Champion Fight, the visit of the Prince of Wales, the Presidential campaign, and the coming of the great ship, this will be an eventful year in the annals of New York. Here in England, as many harbors have striven for the honor of giving a berth to the Great Eastern, as in ancient days contended for the honor of giving birth to Homer. London had her gala day last year, when the marine infant—Neptune's last and greatest bantling—left the Thames for Portland (England), Holyhead and Southampton. A great share of the interest and some of the excitement respecting the great ship is now returning. The vessel not only promises to be fully a mechanical success, but also commercially and financially so. I hear that a great number of passengers are booking for New York; the ship is in the very best of order, and she will undoubtedly make a most splendid passage. What would Barnum do had he the management of the monster? What would he not do? Make a greater "card" out of it than he ever did with Tom Thumb or Jenny Lind. If she succeeds in getting up past the Narrows, so as to anchor within one or two miles of the Battery, the number of visitors that will visit her will be numbered by hundreds of thousands. A great harvest will the Company reap, and the advantages and benefits will be shared by the New Yorkers and the Americans. The people will get the greatest "show" and the most instructive exhibition ever seen in the country, the railways will have a vast amount of extra passenger traffic, the hotels and boarding-houses will be crowded, the newspapers will receive an additional impetus and greatly enlarged sale and advertising patronage, and last, not least, the two great communities of Britons and Americans will each receive with complaisance and pride the victories that are won over Nature by each other in the great domain of science and the mechanic arts. This country is the oldest, most populous, most wealthy, most learned, and most experienced, and in the natural course of events will and does win the largest number of prizes. Jonathan, however, is fast treading on the heels of his transatlantic cousin, and if he does not take the most bottom (such a bottom as he Great Eastern) the former builds a yacht that carries off the palm in speed.

I presume the shipbuilders of America will give considerable study to the construction of the Great Eastern, and when they choose to lay out their strength, build something that shall not be so experimental, not so untried, but perhaps more likely to be commercially successful, inasmuch as they will have all the lessons of experience in the great Leviathan. The world moves by slow degrees, at least the sober, useful planets do; and so one can be expected with the ballast of these to emulate the speed of a comet; and no one should be too proud to learn of his neighbors.

But wait her huge proportions make your ordinary steamers—even the Vanderbilt and Adriatic—look small? You need not be afraid of being disappointed in appearance and size of the monster. My word for it, she is a giant among ordinary ones. The grand saloon boasts everything in the way of an apartment on board a ship that you ever saw or imagined. It is nearly thirty-five feet in height, and looks more—like Sidney Smith said of Daniel Webster—like a young cathedral than anything else.

The great contest between Hoeman and Sayers has at last been adjourned to the mutual satisfaction of both. They accept the decision of the battle as a "draw game," and each receives a bill, valued at one hundred guineas, exactly made in size, style and value, and presented to the two champions of England. The usual champion's bill is to be held for any prize to fight for that chooses to enter the prize ring. Sayers has announced his intention of retiring for ever from the ring. So much curiosity has been expressed by the public to see the renowned champions, that a limited number of entertainments are to be got up here in London and the large towns, and then I believe they are both going to America. The present engagement is with Messrs. Morris and Culling, and is for five weeks, for £2,500, or \$4,500 each. As this arrangement is mutually satisfactory, and promised to be both profitable and pleasant for both of them, of course the American friends of the "Slay" one have no possible objection to the decision. To object to the present arrangement will only injure Hoeman's prospects, and do both parties harm. You know the Denica Bay; and Sayers, I promise you, is a splendid fellow. Like all Americans, and most Englishmen, I feel that the victory was as good as won by Hoeman, but no matter now. The affair is decided, and the contest will not be renewed, except as a friendly set-to with the *Leviathan*. The presentation of the bills took place last evening at the Albemarle, tickets of admission, one guinea. An immense crowd was there.

Everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner. Mr. Dowling presented a bill to Hoeman, in the name of England, with a very complimentary speech, which was loudly applauded. Hoeman buckled it on with a conscious but a modest pride. George Wilkes then, in the name of America, presented a duplicate to Tom Sayers, with a somewhat longer but equally complimentary speech.



THE UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMSHIP VANDERBILT PASSING THROUGH A FIELD OF ICEBERGS, MAY 19, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WHO WAS ON BOARD.—SEE PAGE 70



BUILDINGS AT KEY WEST ERECTED BY THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THE NEGROES CAPTURED FROM SLAVERS BY THE UNITED STATES CRUISERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LAWRENCE.
SEE PAGE 65.

GREAT TORNADO IN IOWA AND ILLINOIS.

From our Correspondent.

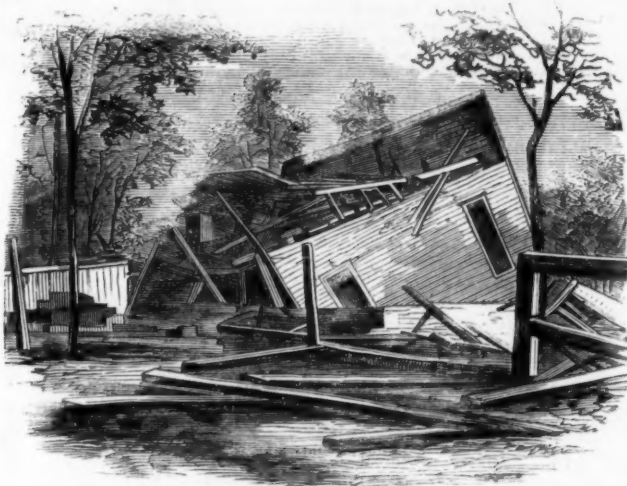
June 6, Albany, Ill.
Last Sabbath evening (June 3d), about dusk, a terrific tornado

visited a large portion of country, ranging in a north and north-easterly direction, through the States of Iowa and Illinois, resulting in a great loss of life and destruction of property. From a rough estimate, over two hundred lives were lost, and one million dollars' worth of property destroyed.

This is one of the most destructive storms which has occurred for many years, and swept its course, through a space of half a mile in width, over two hundred miles in length, and left nothing in its trail but scenes of most appalling devastation.

Cedar Rapids, De Witt and Camanche in Iowa, Albany, Lyndon and Amboy country adjacent to Morrison, in Illinois, were the unfortunate localities where the vengeance of this king storm produced the most calamitous effects. Some places where I have operated and taken many photographs, which represent the forms of many that are now no more, I have visited, and beheld many of these scenes of ruin, and never were such indescribable and heart-rending scenes presented to my view before; deathly grimaces of mangled human forms, lacerated and bruised bodies of horses, sheep, cattle, hens and hogs, scattered fragments and massive piles of fallen buildings, with other numerous scattered ruins, met the view almost everywhere on this trail of destruction.

Camanche, Iowa, was laid a desolate waste; the loss of life and property resulting from the tornado, for a place of its size, I believe, is unparalleled in the annals of history. Thirty-five bodies have been buried, besides many others which are missing. There are many wounded who are not expected to live. One



VIEW OF THE BUILDING IN WHICH MR. EDWARD EFNER WAS KILLED, BY THE TORNADO, AT ALBANY, ILL.



A RESIDENCE OF J. M. RILEY, WHERE HIS CHILD AND BROTHER-IN-LAW WERE KILLED, ALBANY, ILL.



W. A. CHAMBERLIN'S DRUG STORE AND MR. SAMUEL HAPPER'S RESIDENCE, ALBANY, ILL.



THE THREE STORY BRICK STORE OF S. H. SLAYMAKER & CO., ENTIRELY PERFORATED AND SHATTERED, ALBANY, ILL.



VIEW OF THE STEAM GRIST MILL, THREE STORIES HIGH, TOTALLY DESTROYED, ALBANY, ILL.



A VIEW OF FRONT STREET, INCLUDING A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE RIVER, ALBANY, ILL.

SIX PICTURES REPRESENTING THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT TORNADO IN ILLINOIS, JUNE 3, 1860.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEROY GAYNE, MORRISON, ILL.

house, with its occupants, was swept into the river, and have not yet been heard from. To sum it up in a few words, this thriving little town was nearly all swept to the ground, and laid in one of the most indescribable mass of ruins.

A log raft passing down the river, opposite Camanche, was torn to pieces and nineteen of its men swept off; and not a fragment of the raft has been found, nor the men heard from as yet.

Albany, on the Illinois side of the river, and nearly opposite Camanche, presents almost as destructive a scene, and the loss of property nearly as great, although here few lives were lost. Nearly the whole town was torn into fragments, and left a frightful mass of ruins. Almost every fine building in this place was crumbled to the ground, and yet only six lives were lost, of whom were Edward Efner, Mr. Sweet, Mr. Duty Buck, Joseph Riley's child, and Mr. Lion Alexander's child. Mr. Riley is not expected to survive, and there are fifteen or twenty more so badly wounded they are in a hopeless condition.

From Albany the storm proceeded in a north-easterly direction, touching Lyndon, Amboy and the country between Lyndon and Morrison, where it left its mark of desolation quite as visibly. Of the farmers affected and killed near Morrison, Illinois, are the following: Mr. Draper Richardson's house, barn and all the outer buildings were so utterly riddled and torn to atoms, that for one mile could be found scattered fragments with not two pieces of board or timbers together, besides the scattered bodies of horses, sheep, cattle and hens, which had been blown a considerable distance. Mr. Richmond and wife had retired when the storm struck their dwelling, which gave them no chance for escape. Mrs. Richmond was found twenty-five rods from where the house had stood, with nearly every bone in her body broken. She survived only a few hours. Mr. Richmond was so badly mangled that he is not expected to live.

The house of Mr. Dorr was torn to pieces, and its inmates, consisting of himself and wife and child, all killed on the spot.

Mr. Digby's house, a strong oak frame, was carried a half mile, hardly leaving a visible sign of its course, when it was suddenly overturned, and was literally torn to shreds. The man fortunately escaped. From good authority, it is stated that a cow was carried some three quarters of a mile against some trees and dashed in pieces! The ground was badly torn up in several places, and the earth carried to a great distance.

The scene is too great for my pen to portray or language to describe; thus I will close, and leave the reader to contemplate in my sketches the terrible catastrophe.

THE VANDERBILT AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

Extract from the Diary of our Special Artist, Albert Berghaus, Esq.

MAY 19, 1860.—Towards the afternoon a marked change came over the "spirit of our dream," the air got suddenly colder and colder, and a damp fog gradually grew over the sea. Great coats were in demand, and warm toddies were also at a premium. A sudden gloom fell over us as one of the officers said, "We are in the neighborhood of icebergs!" Everybody knew that it was not a desirable thing to run against one of those "cold roamers of the main," as Tupper calls them, and a general frigidity, that most unwelcome passenger, came on board. Even the Fast Doctor paused in the midst of his Niagara of anecdotes, and the pretty, gentle little dog that Miss — and I were feeding between us ceased to vibrate its tail. Mrs. — made one or two lively sallies, such as despatching some of her admirers to look at the weather and report its appearance, and then then became as silent as a lady can be. One by one my companions, fair and unfair, sought their virtuous cabins, while I, cigar in mouth, went upon deck. The next morning the fog had cleared away, and our spirits were again in the ascendant. At eleven o'clock an iceberg was reported to be within hailing distance, but it was not of much account. As, however, we were sitting at our lunch, the steward told me that a magnificent iceberg was in sight. Crying "Ice!" just as the boys do "Fire!" I ran upon deck. Sure enough, there was an iceberg fit to supply all the sherry cobbles and mint juleps in creation. It was nearly a mile in extent, and about as high as Trinity Church steeple.

"Around o'er the waving billows
The white-winged seagull screamed,
White as it on the blue horizon
The grim white icebergs gleamed."

The sight was certainly beautiful, every color in the rainbow flashed its myriad dyes. There was a solid, glittering grandeur about it which took my young imagination captive. It reminded me of that cold but peerless beauty whom I worshipped at a distance in my collegiate days, and I forthwith took my pencil and made an accurate sketch of the scene, which was most picturesque.

As, however, the floating monster had no steam on board, it soon faded away in the distance, to menace and attract other vessels.

This was about two hundred and fifty miles from Cape Race. At one time the Vanderbilt was entirely surrounded by these floating castles of glittering architecture. The largest of them had a very remarkable appearance, resembling an immense building, with a dome. This had something that resembled gates, which led to a courtyard, in which we could see the waves beat.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

By John W. Watson.

ONE morning, in the early summer, twenty odd years ago, there came wandering down one of those peculiarly rustic lanes which we are wont to connect with driving cows to pasture and making love on moonlight evenings, a couple whom in our privilege we call Ithiel Hopkins and Rachael Day.

It may be a hard matter to connect love and romance with a barefooted maiden of fifteen and a barefooted boy of twenty, but if the annals of romance have not yet told such a history, it is full time that they began. Cannot love come to barefooted maidens and manhood, and is romance confined alone to the parlor, to broadcloth and to satin?

Ithiel Hopkins was a good, sturdy lad of twenty. Ithiel had been brought up to hard work upon the farm, to live hard and to sleep hard. Ithiel had brothers and sisters who all worked hard, lived hard and slept hard—and if they loved like Ithiel, loved hard also. He loved Rachael Day—he loved her right hard in spite of her bare feet, her coarse, homespun gown, and her rough hands, rough with hard work also. Rachael Day's speech was not rough, nor was her cheek, though it was browned by sun and weather. Nor was Rachael Day's hair coarse, though her gown might be.

On this morning in the summer they came slowly down the lane, and it would not have needed much looking to see that Rachael Day had been crying. Her very pretty brown eyes were red and watery, and her cheeks were flushed with more than their accustomed share of crimson. Ithiel, too, was looking anything but happy; his well-worn straw hat was drawn down more than usual over his face, and his brown hands were thrust far into his pockets.

"It's mighty bad Rachael, that's a fact," says Ithiel; "but it's got to be. Father says there's more on us now 'an he knows what to with, an' he's a gettin' old, too. I'm kinder feared to hear him say that, you know?"

Rachael sobbed out a response to this.

"It's too bad, Ith. It's always just the same with me, if ever I love anybody or anything, it's always sure to die or go away."

Poor Rachael! she was entirely unconscious that her mournings took the same form as when Moore sang,

"I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

And yet they were as earnestly true as anything ever said by poet or sage.

"And I'm bound to make my fortune and come back," said Ithiel, running his hands still further into his pockets, as though already in search of the fortune in that locality. "They say that New York is a great place, and I guess there's always room for one more, anywhere. And I calculate I might stay here till I was grown gray afore I'll earn enough to buy a pan to cook our dinner in."

What connection that last remark had with the action it is impossible to tell, but at this particular juncture Ithiel took Rachael Day in his arms and kissed her, not once, nor twice, but many times. And then, whether it was the words or the kisses, Rachael Day brightened up, wiped her eyes, and made a weak attempt at a smile.

"Fortunes are not so easily made, Ith. You must be content when you save a little money and come back again to home. New York is a bad place, Ith, and when you get there you won't remember much about me."

And with this the tears again ran down Rachael Day's cheeks, and were again kissed away by Ithiel, with a hundred protestations that nothing would ever win him away from Rachael Day and home.

In a few days, Ithiel Hopkins was on his way to the great city, possessed of health, honesty, a trunk full of good clothes, a box of ginger snaps, a good sized cake of maple sugar, and fourteen dollars in money, exclusive of his passage paid through. Ithiel was off to seek his fortune, with a letter in his pocket from the minister recommending him to the public generally as a reliable, honest lad who could be trusted. He had no fear for the result. "He was bound to get an honest living, anyhow," so he said, and he thought, perhaps, a little more. At first he felt like drooping a bit when he remembered all he was leaving behind him, and Rachael Day particularly, but the stage had not rolled many miles out of the village when the novelty of his position drove away all despondency. There was the whirl of changing stages and horses, the many town-bred people, who to Ithiel were rare sights, that came and went as they approached the metropolis; and then the steamboat, that entirely new sensation to him. All these things, and the final arrival in the city, were like budding out into a new life, chasing away all thought of the past, and only exciting wonder for the present or new hopes for the future.

Ithiel came into New York feeling that he had little or no time to spare. He did not feel an anxiety for sight-seeing; he knew that New York was to be his home for many years to come, and he would have plenty of time for all that when he had added something to the capital now in his coffers. With this object in view Ithiel set earnestly to work. A slight feeling of timidity came over him as he gazed up at all the grand buildings that lined the streets on each side, but when he thought that they were all built by men like himself, he gathered courage and looked on them with more admiration. Ithiel's first care was to bestow the trunk, with its useful and refreshing contents, in a place of safety. This was not so easily accomplished; it was a good three hours' task that Ithiel took, with his trunk upon his shoulder, through the streets before he found a lodging that suited him in the two points of respectability and economy. At last this end was reached by his depositing the load in a room well up town, for which he agreed with the proprietor, a broad-shouldered machinist, with a grave face, and a clean, matronly little wife, at the moderate weekly stipend of six shillings, rent of furniture, such as it was, included.

This point settled, and Ithiel having re-learned his mind by giving his new found home and hostess a general résumé of his past life, and having questioned from them in return all of their own, cast about him as to his best course. For that night he slept on it, and rising bright and early, put on his best suit of tailor-made clothes, and wended his way to the business part of the city. In those days phrenology had not stamped itself as a science, and Ithiel, consequently, was not fully aware into what particular channel his proclivities tended. He knew that he was willing and intelligent, and knowing this, he felt that in his strength and intelligence he had good marketable articles, and nothing more was necessary than to offer them for sale. The time was early, but there was none to be lost, therefore Ithiel looked sharply around. He saw many fine brick and stone stores, but at last one among the rest attracted his attention for its sturdy, full look. For some minutes Ithiel eyed it all over as he stood facing it upon the sidewalk, and a number of thoughts flew through his brain connected therewith. He thought how rich the man must be who owned the great warehouse, and how many years he had worked to get it all. He thought whether it was possible that he ever could, even in a lifetime of work and saving, reach to such a height of prosperity as to own such a building, and with this impossible thought his heart sank within him, and he walked away down the street. And then, as Ithiel turned his head once more to look at the great brick store, he thought he should like very much to be called its master, and with that he walked back and took another look, and finally, walked in.

There was a group of three young gentlemen sitting upon a box in the front of the store with their hats on. One of the young gentlemen was chewing a straw, a second was descending very earnestly upon the pattern of the goods of which his pantaloon were made, and the third was industriously engaged trimming his finger nails. The hour was early, and these young gentlemen were taking a morning soiree. The entrance of Ithiel did not interfere in the least with their employments, and as he stood before them, hat in hand, as he had been taught to do at home when speaking to those whom he judged his superiors. They gave him a hearty stare and went on. Ithiel asked them if they could not find room in that great store for one more pair of hands, and said to these young gentlemen that he was willing to work at anything. At this declaration the three young gentlemen laughed outright, as though, in the idea of work, there was something intensely funny; and the one who was descending upon his pantaloon ended off by declaring that he would never wear a bit of American cassimere as long as French was to be had. After this decided declaration, he turned his attention to Ithiel.

One of the young gentlemen inquired of Ithiel whether he understood driving ducks to water? Another asked Ithiel, in a very earnest way, how his brother Jonathan was? An inquiry which for a moment staggered Ithiel, from the simple fact that he had a brother Jonathan, and thought possibly that the young gentleman might be in some way acquainted. The third young gentleman wished to know if his mother had any more like him? Ithiel answered all this good-naturedly, and had these three young gentlemen confined themselves alone to words, Ithiel would still have remained in good humor, but one of these young gentlemen, having desisted from the occupation of trimming his finger-nails, took up, under pretext of examining the cloth in Ithiel's coat, a large pinch of the flesh, remarking, at the same time, "What the price of this?" Now this was a little too much for Ithiel, and the result was that spontaneously he slapped that young gentleman in the face. Not many seconds passed away before these three young gentlemen were engaged very earnestly in an attempt to handle Ithiel Hopkins rather roughly. An attempt only it was, and a very unsuccessful one, for in much less time than it takes to relate it, he stood victor of the field, one of the young gentlemen having been safely deposited behind a large box, from which he was afterwards obliged to be extricated with assistance, and the other two young gentlemen being held at arm's length by Ithiel in a very uncomfortable position. At this particular moment the door opened, and a stout, ruddy, elderly gentleman entered, who stared with astonishment at the strange scene that met his eye, and then, with quite as much in his tone, said, "What's all this about?"

Ithiel on this released his two prisoners, who shrinking away, left him to answer the question, which he did in a straightforward manner, telling the truth without reserve. Mr. Abner Howe, for this was the gentleman's name, he being the head of the house of Howe & Co., the establishment in which Ithiel now stood, called back the two young gentlemen who had sunk away, while Ithiel was relieving the one behind the box, and bade them all three apologise to Mr. Hopkins, for so Mr. Abner Howe called him, after having asked his name. The young gentlemen did so with a very bad grace, telling him that what they had done was "only in fun." Ithiel responded that he never objected to fun, but he considered it poor fun that wouldn't work both ways. Mr. Abner Howe bade Ithiel follow him into his private room, where, after sundry questions and an attentive reading of the minister's letter, he announced to him that he might consider himself engaged as a porter in the store, at a salary of six dollars per week. Had fortune suddenly beamed on Ithiel Hopkins by striking a mine of gold on his father's farm, it would not have started him more than this. He was rich

at once, and would have no need to wait longer for Rachael. Six dollars per week! Why, within itself it brought visions of a home and luxuries unbounded, of a future farm, or a great store, like the one in which he was now standing. Everything was to be done with six dollars per week, and nothing was impossible. As soon as Ithiel could recover from the excitement of his good fortune, he entered upon the duties of his situation. Now he began to think how much better it would be to wait awhile, that both he and Rachael were young, and time would only strengthen their love and increase his worldly wealth. And with this Ithiel went on working hard, gaining friends every day, and keeping them, even those three foolish young gentlemen among the number. Ithiel was saving money fast also; and month after month crept by, and he became more and more ambitious of adding to his gatherings. During all this time Ithiel did not forget to write to Rachael, but as neither of them were far advanced in scholarship, the results were not wholly satisfactory on either side; the best of letters are but a poor substitute for the warmth of words, and poor Rachael's were scarcely adapted to express all she would have said. Ithiel did not forget in all his leisure hours to study, and advanced himself in all the attainments necessary for a business man, and, as a natural consequence of his own advancement, he began to criticise the performances of Rachael. This, as a matter of course, brought fewer and more tremblingly written letters from Rachael, who, as the months and years rolled by, began to look upon the Ithiel she once knew and still loved as altogether a different person from the town-polished Ithiel she now imagined him to be.

It was in this way the months and the years rolled on, and still Ithiel worked away, and saved and read; but fewer and fewer became the letters until they stopped altogether, and Ithiel now only heard of Rachael Day by the medium of his own family, who once in a long time wrote; and at last, three years after they had parted, came a letter from one of his sisters, in which he was informed that a lady, Mrs. Conrad Parks, who came from the South to spend a winter in the neighborhood, had taken a great fancy to Rachael Day, and by the consent of her mother had taken her home with her to live.

Though it was long since Ithiel had corresponded with Rachael, the love that he bore her was not gone, and when this news came it all grew up again as strong as ever; and great sorrow settled upon him to think that now they were so separated, that perhaps he would never see her again, even when the time should come that he would feel himself well enough off to marry. Ithiel, thinking of all this, wrote a long letter to Rachael, which he hoped would reach her through the care of her mother; but the letter was sent, and no answer came. And month after month went on, and Ithiel Hopkins was becoming a busy man, and his business absorbed all other things, for he had been raised in the house of Howe & Co. to the position of book-keeper, and this had been Ithiel's study and ambition.

He was now a growing man, and Mr. Ithiel Hopkins was looked upon in a business way as one who was likely to succeed. If any information was wanted as to the state of the markets, Ithiel was sure to know it. If of the standing or solvency of a business man, it was Ithiel who had it. Even now, as a clerk or book-keeper, he was regarded as one who had been careful in his little investments, until his savings had grown into a sum of considerable moment. Ithiel Hopkins had the keys to all prosperity—industry and economy.

Ten years had passed away, and Ithiel Hopkins was admitted a partner in the house of Howe & Co. A moment arrived, a crisis, when the savings of Ithiel could be turned to good account in the concern; they were forthcoming, and from that day the signature read Howe, Hopkins & Co. Ithiel Hopkins was known as a solid man, and anything to which he put his name was negotiable.

In all this time it must not be supposed that Ithiel had utterly forgotten Rachael. In the hurry and confusion of business, it was not supposable that the shadow of his love would lift across the ambitious man who was striving only to gain gold; but in the quiet of his own rooms at night, at the morning meal, or on his pillow, the memory of Rachael Day would lift across the great business man, and he would sigh over the thought of the past, and promise himself that whenever he could spare time from the cares of money-making, he would go forth in search of his dream, and make her yet his wife and the mistress of a stately mansion. With all this thought year after year rolled away, and Ithiel Hopkins grew older and richer. Abner Howe passed to his fathers, and the firm became Hopkins & Co. Ithiel had grown pale, stooped a little, talked with a slow, measured business accent, and began to show a little streak of gray in his hair. His progression had been gradual but sure, from his room in the machinist's house to his stately bachelor home in Madison Square. He rather ignored society, only such as was necessary in a business way, for a quiet dinner, with an evening talk of stocks, imports and exports, and the markets generally, and yet there were among the few families where Ithiel Hopkins visited some who earnestly sought the notice and attentions of the wealthy bachelor.

There was one, a young widow for whom Ithiel had conceived a special liking. Mrs. Wilton Gore owned openly to thirty-five. She was very handsome, she was very gay, and yet very domestic. Perhaps, instead of saying that Mrs. Wilton Gore was very gay, it should be said that she was always happy, and always making all about her the same. Unlike most widows, she was not given to bringing again to life her departed husband. The world through herself knew little of her past; they knew that she had married later in life than what would be called "a child of a girl," and that she had been a widow for five years, and this was the sum total of all the knowledge the world was able to achieve with regard to Mrs. Wilton Gore. One thing more only. She was rich.

When Ithiel Hopkins was forty he began to look about him inquiringly for his social future. Up to this time his life had been absorbed in looking to his business future; now he felt that while he was winning wealth there were none to inherit it, springing from himself. He began to think that years ago he should have gone forth in search of Rachael Day, the love of his boy days, and he never once doubted that Rachael had remained still single, waiting, with all that faith with which women are said to wait, for the coming of Ithiel. For a long time he pondered on this, regretting his neglectful past. For a long time he thought that he would never again find one in whom he would see a fraction of the virtues he once saw in Rachael Day.

It was at this particular time that Ithiel Hopkins met Mrs. Wilton Gore. When, in long after time, Ithiel was asked how he could be unfaithful to the memory of Rachael, and see anything to admire in the sunny-faced, lively widow, he declared that it was from his very loyalty to the memory of his first love that made him look with budding favor upon her. Something there was, he declared, that reminded him of Rachael, something in the tone of the voice, something in her action. But whatever it might be, Ithiel Hopkins was undoubtedly attracted by the pretty widow. In his own mind he began to picture how she would look at the head of his table—how she would bear the dignity of Mrs. Ithiel Hopkins, and then these thoughts would be checked by the recollection of Rachael, and the consciousness that there still existed an uncanceled engagement, and that even now, when twenty years had passed, it was but right, he thought—though he might love the widow, as he undoubtedly did—that Rachael Day should have the refusal of his hand, if she still remained unmarried. Day after day, Ithiel Hopkins came within the fascination of the syren. And day after day, while he acknowledged her power, still he tore himself away from the witchcraft. He could sit for hours and hear her sing the sweetest of ballads in the sweetest of voices, some of the very songs that were so associated with the days of his love for Rachael. He began to be a believer in the power of music—when the widow sat at the piano. She was the only one in the world to whom he had been able to pour out the tale of his early love and his still glowing passion for Rachael. And then what a noble creature she was, ignoring the power she knew that she exerted over him, and repudiating the idea that wealth should make any difference, she frankly told him that his duty lay only in one direction, which was to return to the place of his boyhood, get the trace of Rachael, search her out, and make her Mrs. Hopkins without delay. Noble woman! He would do it; but first he would tell her how much he loved her, even though he still clung to the early dream.

True to his purpose, Ithiel Hopkins summoned courage to lay before the widow all the great store of love and admiration he had conceived for her, how himself and his wealth were at her feet, but that he should, even while he loved her, return to the spot of his early love, seek out Rachael, and offer to redeem the promise of his youth. And then Ithiel caught the white, chubby hand of the widow, and besought her, that in case of Rachael's refusal, or any other barrier arising to the fulfillment of the engagement, she would allow him to fly again to her presence and renew the vows he had

just made. The widow was beaming with smiles and beauty, almost too much of the first, Ithiel thought afterwards for the serious nature of the matter in hand, and too much of the last for his peace of mind. She assured him that Rachael would not refuse, that there was no doubt but with the constancy of woman she had cherished the love of her youth until now, and would hail his coming as something long expected. And then as a parting token of peace between them both, the widow suffered Ithiel to press one kiss upon her cheek and one farewell squeeze of the hand before he went away on his mission of love and fidelity.

Twenty years it was since Ithiel had set foot in his native village. He had gone away a simple lad, dressed in homespun, with fourteen dollars in his pocket, he returned a wealthy man, wrapped in broadcloth and furs. He looked around upon all the spots he knew so well as a boy, and found them all unchanged, only himself it was that had undergone a variation. He came to the home of his childhood, the house in which he was born. It was all the same. There were children the same as he once was, in their check aprons and bare feet playing about its porch, children that he had never seen, but knew they were his own nephews and nieces. Ithiel in his prosperity had not forgotten his father and mother to aid them and surround them with comforts, nor yet his brothers and sisters. He did not return to his home with the shame of neglect hanging over him by leaving them in poverty, only that he had been too busy making money to pay personal duty. Now once more he stood within his home, there they were one and all, the same as he had left them a score of years before, only grown older, rough, hard-handed and homespun. They looked upon Ithiel, his sunken cheeks and pale face, his furs and his fine clothes with something like awe, and each one felt how strange it was that he should have sprang from their own race, and that all that change should have been made by the city and its life.

Rachael Day! Yes, they had heard of her; the Day family had removed some forty miles away, and for many years they had not seen any of them—they had heard, however. Rachael Day was at home—this was a year old—but they had heard that two years before she had returned home, much improved, from the South, but they could tell nothing more, they had not seen her. Rachael's father was dead. There were none left but her mother and one sister.

The next day Ithiel journeyed on to the home of Rachael. Would she know him? Would he know her? Yes, he thought, love has an unfading memory. I should know Rachael Day wherever I might see her, even though a century should have passed away. With this strong within him, Ithiel came to the home of Rachael. How his heart beat as he crossed the threshold in a few minutes he was to see the woman from whom twenty years before he had parted, and whose memory for that time he had kept uppermost. Her mother was the first to greet Ithiel. After hearing his name and looking very closely at him through her spectacles for a few moments, the old lady said she was "Right glad to see him, though you've sadly altered. Sit down, Ith, sit down, the gal'll be in in a minute. She's out a milki'."

Ithiel had a thought flash through his mind coupled with the future Mrs. Hopkins, Madison square and milking. He looked round at the plain homely furniture of the farm-house, and wondered how the transplanting of Rachael from its modest dominion to that of his stylish home would do. There was a little sinking of the heart, and Ithiel's brain was so full of the images he was drawing for the future, that he had little to say to the old lady. In the midst of a silence, during which only the click of her needles was heard as she knitted away, the old lady said, "My darter," and Ith looking up, saw standing before him—Rachael! Yes, surely it must be Rachael. She knew him, for she called him Mr. Hopkins, and shook hands with him. It was a very stiff shake. Ithiel thought so. And then she took a chair on the opposite side of the room, and a very stiff conversation came off, during which Ithiel always said "Miss Day," and she called him "Mr. Hopkins." They talked about the weather, about the crops, of who was dead, and who was living; and during all this Ithiel was looking at the brown-faced prematurely old woman before him, and thing how little right he had to find fault with the work of time. Rachael might keep her faith for him, but she had no power to keep her beauty. He remembered that twenty years of exposure to sun and weather, the duties of the dairy and the work of her home, had touched her hair with premature gray, and dimmed the lustre of her eyes. All this and more Ithiel thought and philosophized on as he sat there talking to her, and listening to the click of the old lady's knitting needles, and yet with it all, he confessed to his own heart that the sight of her had entirely swept away the ideal he had nursed so many years. He could not realize the figure before him as the Rachael of the past, though some glimmering of the old time look still remained. No! He could not make this one his wife. Give him but the Rachel of the years ago, and he could love her as dearly as ever. He could not love the woman time had substituted.

It was in such thoughts as these an hour went by, and Rachael's mother left the room. Now, Ithiel thought, must come the declaration; but no, even now, when they were alone, there was a little unbending. She could talk of the stock of the farm, of the fowls, the pigs, the potatoes, but upon the slightest approach of Ithiel to those days which he felt it his duty to renew the memory of—however unpleasant it might be now to do so—she seemed utterly averse and lost. Ithiel was puzzled, but bowing, as he supposed, to her superior sagacity as a woman, and taking her strange avoidance of the subject as evidence of her desire not to renew the past, after a stay altogether of less than two hours he departed. And this was the realization of the dream of twenty years. This was the change time had brought. And he once had loved one who knew only of pigs, potatoes and chickens, who now to his eyes and his sympathies was as dead as any common country girl he might chance to meet on the roadside.

Ithiel pondered long on this as he sped on his way back to the city. He felt that virtually he had offered to renew the ancient engagement and the offer had been refused; he could, therefore, return with a clear conscience to the widow and proffer her his hand as she had already his heart. A second love—but a life love. Building up all this fabric, Ithiel hastened to her presence. She was as beautiful as ever and far more smiling, and as she saw Ithiel's grave face the smile almost broke into a laugh. He was more eloquent than he had ever been before. He told all the story of his journey—of the strange fact of finding Rachael at home when he expected he should be obliged to search for her in a distant part of the country. And at this relation the widow looked with astonishment, more so, Ithiel thought, than the circumstances warranted. And then he told her of his meeting, described the looks of the woman he had once so loved, and spoke of his attempts to approach the subject of their former passion and engagement, and her entire avoidance of it, and cool but friendly parting. During all this recital Ithiel saw the smiles break through the astonishment, he saw the laugh break through the smiles, the tears through the laugh, and then smiles, laughs and tears all blended in one. She threw herself into his arms, and caught him wildly to her heart, with only these words,

"Yours, Ithiel—yours for ever!"

And Ithiel, what was it broke over his face at that moment that made him seem so much the Ithiel of twenty years back?

Here is a letter written two months after her marriage by Mrs. Ithiel Hopkins. It will answer the question better than ought else:

"At last! at last! my dear Millie, I have won the goal of my life. To you, who know so much of my past, it is almost useless to relate more than a few words. But, Millie, my darling, there are some things of which I have never spoken, lest they might have a sound of arraignment against my dear friend and benefactor, my more than mother, Mrs. Conrad Parks. How much she really loved me, and how much her love was reciprocated by me, I did not know until she was gone. To her I am indebted for all I know—for all I possess. Her heart was wound about me. More love a daughter could not have coveted. And when she sought, seven years after she brought me to her home, to cement that love by acting as solicitor for her only nephew and her heir, and telling me that such a union would cover the close of her life with peace and calmness, what could I say, but a consent? I did not love Wilton Gore, but I married him; and if I did not learn to love him, I did to respect him. A tender and more noble man never existed. I have built him a shrine in my heart that not even my present happiness can disturb. You know that he only lived five years, and in his last moments showed that I had done my duty as a wife, by leaving me sole mistress of all that fortune which, only one year before, he had inherited from his aunt and my benefactors.

"There were sorrowful days, as you know, coming, as you did, my dear friend, into my household at the very time of the worst grief. It is now just two years since I left my home on a visit to New York, a visit which has been prolonged until this, as you know,

by my strange meeting with that passionate love of my girlhood, which I have never yet been able to erase, he of whom I have poured so many confidences into your ear. It was my whim when I first met him to conceal all the past, beyond generalities, that I might test whether the rich city merchant had any remembrance of the country girl, Rachael Day. You know, from my letters, the particulars. He did not recognize me, but—from what strange coincidence I am unable to tell—he loved me, and made me his confidant. You know how I tested that love, and as well his fidelity to the love of old, but I have yet a strange story.

"My agreement with him, in the declaration that he must, before offering his hand to any other, propose the fulfilment of his engagement with Rachael Day, sent him on a pilgrimage to his home. I knew it would do him no harm to do as I had already done myself—revisit the home of his childhood, see his old father and mother before they died, and renew the obligations of kin with his brothers and sisters. I have learned from home lately what I could not understand from him: which all was simply that he sought the home of Rachael Day, saw her dear old mother, who spoke to him of her daughter, and then, when the daughter made her appearance, took her for Rachael's own self; when the said daughter was only Rachael's dear old-maid sister, who, having always remained at home, is as plain, stately and rustic as possible, and never for one instant dreamed that she had in her presence one who came burdened with a proposition of marriage, and to whom she would offer no chance of getting rid of his incumbrance. Is not that droll? You see my plot went much further than I anticipated. I only thought of sending Ithiel home to test his fidelity, and finding there an unravelling of my incognita; instead of which, by the mutual error, he came again to me, after, as he supposed, relieving his conscience by offering a renewal of the bond, just as wise as ever as to my identity.

"And now we are married. Twenty years has made wonderful changes in us both, but the love has not chill'd out by keeping. We shall be very happy. None the less so for our little plot and mystery. In one month we shall be with you, it being my intention to so dispose of my Alabama property that it will not need my personal presence. Ithiel retires from business at the close of this year, and we shall spend the balance of our lives between New York and the old home where first we loved. We shall grow younger every day, and I am sure happier. Farewell!"

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Woonsocket, R. I., June 5, 1860.
MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—There is a matter in controversy here that should be decided. It is contended by one party, who base their opinions upon your publication of 1860, that when the player's ball is in contact with another, no count can be made. The other party contends that when the balls are in contact, a count can be made by playing off the ball in contact, without disturbing it; and also, that a count can be made by playing from (or off) the ball with which you may be in contact (without disturbing it), and come back and touch or carom upon it. I am under the impression that you have recently settled this question; but for fear that I may be mistaken, I have to apply to you for your *ipse dixit*. Yours truly, G. A. W.

Ans.—The following is the rule, which our correspondent will have no difficulty in applying to the above argument:

"When the cue ball is in contact with any other, the player can make no count unless he first plays against some other ball with which his own was not in contact; but a count can be made on the ball with which his own was in contact, provided he shall have first played on any other ball on the table."

According to the old rule observed in New York, if the cue ball were in actual contact with any other, no count could be made by the player under any circumstances, though he would be obliged to strike and separate the balls at least one inch. This rule was manifestly unjust, and its injustice heightened by the fact that while the player could not win, he could lose, as in common cases, should he either pocket his own ball, cause it to jump off the table, or lodge on the cushions. Unjust in itself, and different from the practice in most other places, it was further aggravated by the difficulty recently experienced of finding balls of well-seasoned ivory, almost all balls being incorrect, from shrinking, after a little use, and therefore apt to fall together from no want of skill on the player's part. By these considerations, therefore, and in obedience to the wish repeatedly expressed by players in this city and from all parts of the country, Mr. Phelan was induced to submit the rule given above. It has been almost universally adopted.

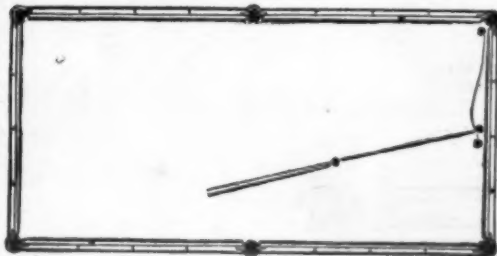
JAMAICA, L. I.—The stroke is a fair one.
T. M., Chicago.—Shot received.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

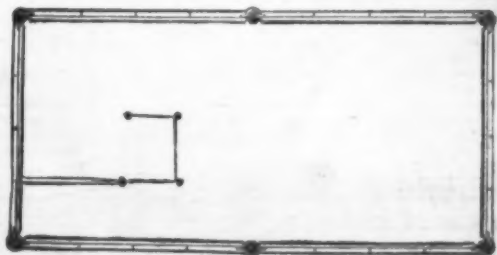
BILLIARDS IN NEWPORT, KY.—A billiard-match took place, lately, in Newport, between Messrs. Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, and M. Foley, of Detroit. The former is well known as the leading billiard-player in the West, the latter was the antagonist of Dudley Kavanaugh in the match which preceded the great contest between Phelan and Secreter at Detroit, and which was played on the same table and with the same balls. The match at Newport was of 500 points, and was won by Tieman, by 127 points. Mr. Tieman also made the highest run, 150 points; Foley's highest run was 104 points.

THE GAME IN BOSTON.—A game was played in the Modern Athens on the 6th inst. between Messrs. L. Harris and C. Bucher, 1,000 points up, around the table, the latter gentleman receiving odds of 200 points. The game was remarkably well contested, but was finally won by 55 points by Mr. Harris. The longest run, 89, was made by Mr. Harris.

CINCINNATI.—A match between Messrs. Tieman and Foley took place on the 29th ult., at Mr. Tieman's saloon, in Cincinnati, the International. The game was the carom game, 500 points, and was won by Tieman, by 145 points. Mr. Tieman is one of our leading players, and we can assure those who may be inclined to take hold of him that they will find out they have, to use a Western phrase, "run foul of a snag."



Shot for practice.—Carom on all the balls.

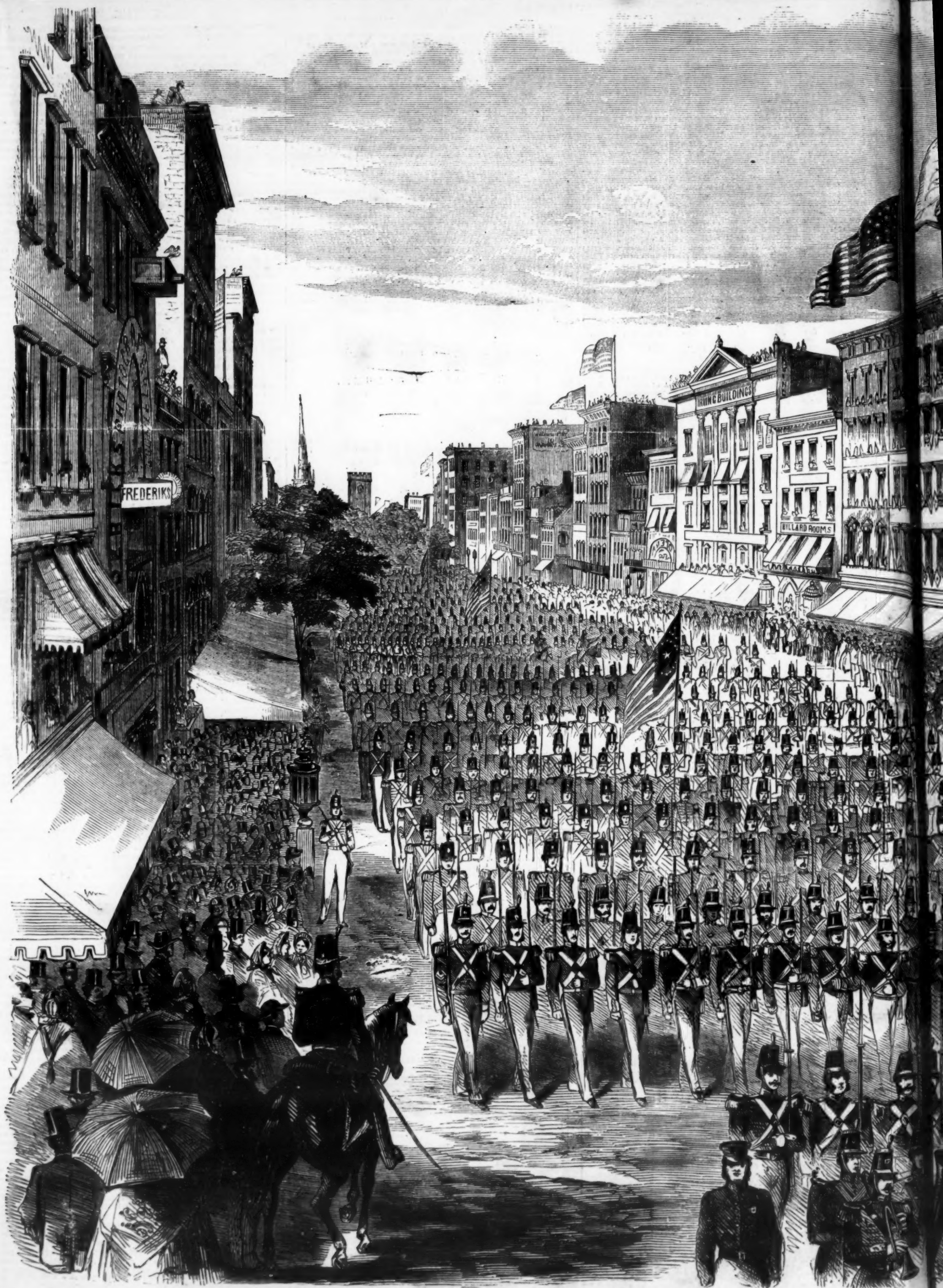


Shot for practice.—Carom on all the balls.

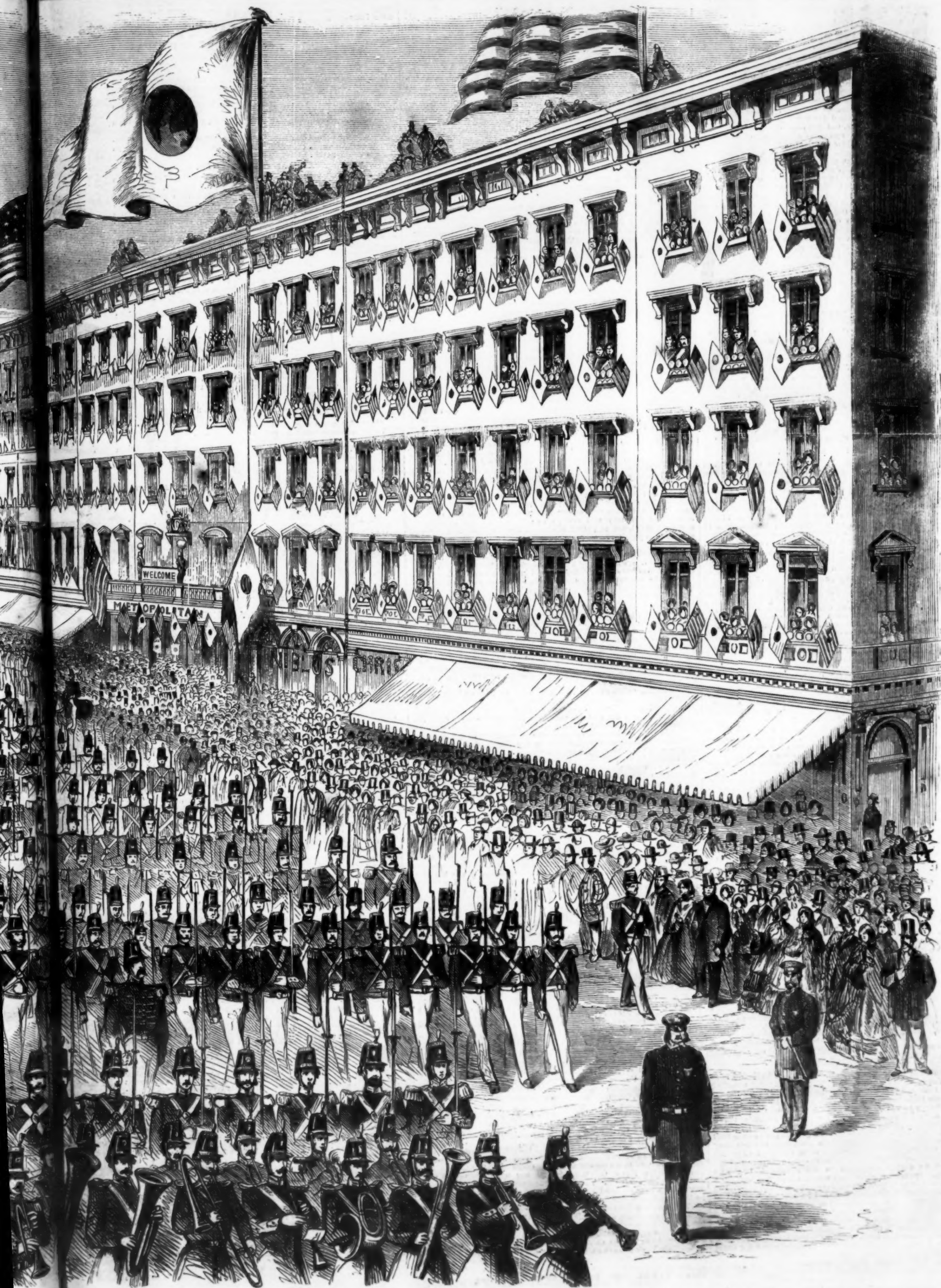
A singular accident lately occurred on the railroad train which leaves London at 5 P. M., and is due at Liverpool at 10 30 P. M. A man incontinently stretched his head out of the carriage window, when he was struck by the lamp of a passing train, and very seriously injured. On the train reaching Leamington station, the injured passenger was found with his body partially hanging out of the window, and his head crushed in a shocking manner. A still more remarkable accident occurred at the Chatham barracks. One of the soldiers as he was returning from drilling threw a comersant. The bayonet fell out of his scabbard, and he falling on it was literally spiked. He died almost instantly.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, the 10th, a most imposing ceremony took place at the church of our Lady of Grace, at Hoboken, by the solemn dedication of forty pictures to the service of the Virgin. Bishop Bayley, of Newark, conducted the ceremonies. The church was densely crowded. The appearance of the girls, who were dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, was very beautiful. John Morrissey has gone into training at the Abbey, to fight Heenan when he returns in August. When it is known that a bitter hostility exists between pugilists, as in the case of these two men, the authorities ought to prevent their fighting. Besides, we have had enough of this muscular development. The Heenan and Sayers affair was all very well—that was an international bit of sport. Now let the brutal diversion drop. The second trial of speed between Flora Temple and George M. Patchen, came off on Tuesday, the 12th, when the queen of the trotters was beaten. The most noticeable feature of this race was the outrageously rude conduct of a man named Hall, the owner of Patchen, who insisted upon the expulsion of the New York reporters. We leave him in the hands of those influential gentlemen, and recommend the culprit to mercy on account of his ignorance. The Richmond Convention turned out to be a greater fizzle than even that at Charleston. A few oratorical flourishes they adjourned, to await the meeting of the Baltimore Convention. The New York Delegation was coolly pooh-poohed—and sent home to their mothers. Ladies should be very careful where they place their money. Last week a lady travelling in the New York Central Railroad sleeping car, found that her purse, which she had placed under her head, had been opened, and one hundred and ten dollars abstracted. The gentlemanly chambermaid managed to find one hundred of the sum on the floor, and the lady was content to lose the ten rather than put herself to the trouble of a complaint and investigation. A respectably-dressed woman, on Tuesday, threw her infant from the ladies' apartment of the Jersey City ferry, Cortlandt street, into the river. She had been noticed to take a bundle in and not bring it out again. A search was instituted, and there lying in the mud of the river was a fine child of about a month old; fortunately it was alive. The little creature was sent to the almshouse. The woman was arrested on her return to Jersey City. A gentleman who had been staying at the Metropolitan Hotel was drugged, in Jersey City, on his way to the Philadelphia cars. He was found lying in Montgomery street, and fortunately his watch, valuables and purse were on him. He was taken back to the care of the hospitable Lelands. John Foster, who was assaulted by ex-Alderman McSpedon, in January, 1858, brought an action against that worthy official, last week for damages. The defence pleaded was, that the Alderman was so shaken by the fall from his wagon that he did not exactly know what he was about. Damages, \$400 and costs. The same party has an action against McSpedon's brother, who was with him at the time. Col. Burnham, the first Marshal of the Mayor, was thrown from his wagon and considerably injured by a butcher who was driving his cart in a reckless manner. No police near to arrest the fellow, who escaped, while the crowd gaped and stared as usual. A monster, named Edward Cronie, beat his mother to death on the 12th. He had not seen her before for five years. He called upon her at her house in Willet street, and in the presence of her daughter, who was unable to prevent him, he knocked her down and stamped upon her, breaking her jaw and inflicting other injuries. The Steuben Festival in Elm Park was broken up by a party of drunken Irishmen and rowdies. Ten were arrested. The Baltimore City Guard have received to present to the Seventh Regiment the picture of the bombardment of Fort William Henry, that has hitherto hung in their armory at Baltimore. The city authorities are having the Battery and Bowling Green put into order. The grass has been mowed and the fountain set playing. An amusing sale has lately taken place at the St. Nicholas Hotel of the unclaimed baggage. It realised about two hundred dollars. Generally speaking, the contents of these unknown trunks were worth little. Buying a pig in a poke received a practical application. One gentleman gave six dollars for a trunk which contained some rubbish and a one-legged pair of breeches. The new Highland Regiment, under the command of Col. McLeay, had their first parade in Washington square, on Tuesday, the 12th. They numbered two hundred men, and had a fine appearance. They were received by the Eleventh Regiment, Col. Bowdick, and the Lafayette Guard, Col. Legal. Dr. Doremus and Chilton report that they could find no traces of poison in the swans whose sudden and mysterious death last week caused so much surprise and regret. The surviving swans are healthy and prognosticate eggs. The American Photographical Society held a meeting at their room in the Cooper Institute, on the 12th, at which it was resolved to raise funds to send out Mr. Washington Pease as photographer with Dr. Hayes. We need hardly point out the importance of having exact copies of the grand ice solitudes and mammoth precipices. We would advise Dr. Hayes to take out a balloon. Louis Napoleon found one of great use in Italy. Some years ago two parties wintered within a few miles of each other without knowing it, till they compared notes on their return. In a latitude where barriers of ice, five hundred feet high, rise and bar all further advance, a balloon would be invaluable to reconnoitre. The negroes are carrying it with a high hand in Blairsville, Pa. Mr. Patterson, of Springfield, Va., visiting Blairsville in pursuit of some fugitive slaves, was openly attacked by a band of negroes and had great difficulty in escaping with his life. He had to leave without his fugitives. A terrible instance of the danger and wickedness of playing practical jokes lately happened at Rome, N. Y. A boy tied his little sister, aged about seven, with a piece of rope to the tail of a cow which he was driving home. The little girl stumbled and fell, whereupon the cow, frightened, ran off at full speed, and actually dragged the child to death. Gardner A. Furness, whose notorious conduct in the Woodman affairs is fresh in the public mind, has been arrested for stealing a wagon belonging to Mr. Harman, of Greenwich street. Lively-stable carriers should be very careful who they trust their wagons with. Two more murders have been committed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. Two little children were walking on the road when the train was coming, and the drunken or brutal engineer, who is placed there to use his eyes, pretends he did not see them—so they were killed. Why does not this great murder company have the line ruled in? Blondin and De Lave are making grand preparations for their feat on the tightrope over rivers and precipices. On 11th of May, a negro slave in Orangeville, Fauquier county, Texas, killed his master, mistress and two children. He was taken, and having confessed the atrocities, he was hanged on a tree near the spot. There was some talk of burning him, but the better judgment of the people prevailed, and he was only hanged. Professor Crawley, of the Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cincinnati, while escorting two ladies home from Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, was murdered by four rowdies whom he rebuked for insulting the ladies he was escorting. He died on the spot. Two of the ruffians have been arrested. The news from Carson Valley is very calamitous. The Indians having murdered some settlers, a force of one hundred and three men was sent against them. Those were unfortunately drawn into an ambush, and after a desperate and lengthened conflict, the ammunition of the whites being expended, they were compelled to retreat, leaving many killed and wounded. The force of the Indians amounted to above five hundred men. There is no doubt but those atrocious monsters, the Mormons, instigated the attack. Why does not Mr. Buchanan order the arrest of Brigham Young, who is now in Philadelphia? A man named Gilbert committed suicide in Prescott, Mass., in a very singular manner. He managed to raise a piece of rock, weighing nearly a ton, about five feet from the ground; he then got under it, pulled the support away, and he was crushed to death. Mr. Ranney, the Gift-man, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for receiving money from a German, as a deposit, and not fulfilling the conditions. Considering the enormous swindles perpetrated every day, with only a reprimand, we think Mr. Ranney has been hardly dealt with. We hope the emigrant runners and mock auctions will come in for some of the same measure. The conductor of a railroad train on the Petersburg, Va., line was so charmed by the symmetry of a lady's foot that she too lavishly put forth from the shade of her crimoline, that he complimented her upon it. The fair creature, wishing to let the Directors and the public bear of the beauty of her lower limb, lodged a formal complaint against the enthusiastic conductor. We are sorry to add, that to appease the offended lady he was dismissed. Thurlow Weed, the Republican dictator, visited the Police Headquarters on Wednesday, and when looking at the photographs of the Rogues' Gallery cracked a joke at the expense of Lincoln's beauty. In a street fight in Camden, Ark., a young merchant named Kerr was killed by a rowdy named Lincomb. He has been arrested. The Senators were astonished last week by finding on their desks a copy of Harper's Impending Crisis. Dr. Cheever, who wished his congregation to march upon Washington and release Thaddeus Hyatt, et al. from, has at last come down in his military notions, and has petitioned the Senate to release his martyr. The tenth annual Commencement of the Spangler Institute was celebrated in the Chapel of the Institute, on Wednesday, the 12th. The proceedings were of a most gratifying character. A man named Henry Harrington, long a resident of Heenan, Dutchess county, N. Y., confessed lately on his deathbed, that twenty years ago he, with another man, waylaid and murdered a pedlar named Lee, and that they buried the body in the Factory woods, not far from the Heenan iron factory. As old Chaucer says, "murder will out."



RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE IN NEW YORK—VIEW OF THE SPLENDID PROCESSION ACCOMPANYING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR



VISITORS APPROACHING THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN AMERICA.

The Japanese at Baltimore.

The train reached the Monumental City soon after nine o'clock, and was received with an enormous expenditure of gunpowder, and a vociferous outpouring of the human throat. The scene at the depot was really extraordinary. The streets were thronged and the honetops covered. The trees were also filled with living fruit. The police arrangements were very complete, and saved the Japanese from much annoyance. Mayor Swann welcomed the Ambassadors, who were then driven to the Hall of the Maryland Institute, where several orations were made. The floor was filled with military and the gallery with ladies, while several brass bands inundated the assemblage with discordant melodies. When silence had been obtained, Mayor Swann talked for some twenty minutes and then stopped. To this harangue, not one word of which was translated, the Chief Ambassador replied in a sentence of about five words. They then resumed their carriages, and the procession went its way to the Gilmer House. Upon their reaching the hotel our visitors were treated to some military evolutions, during which time the banquet was prepared. Just as dinner was announced an affray was indulged in between the police and the military, which threatened at one time to end in bloodshed; but the pacifying appearance of roast, boiled, stewed and champagne tamed the lions, and the great campaign of dinner commenced. Mayor Swann here made another speech, to which Captain Dupont responded.

It was not long before a party of the firemen mounted the balcony and introduced themselves to the Ambassadors. At last one of these noble fellows gave a characteristic and playful vent by taking off his heavy and dripping firecap and clapping it affectionately on the head of the Chief Ambassador. This was received with such shouts of laughter that two other facetious firemen dropped their caps on the heads of the other Ambassadors, and the applause was terrific. The Japanese took the matter with great philosophy, but we have no doubt the historian of the party will make his own comments upon these practical jokes when he submits it to the Tycoon.

In the evening fireworks were let off, and the persecuted dignitaries were left to their repose. Next morning at ten o'clock they departed from Baltimore, on their way to Philadelphia.

From Baltimore to Philadelphia.

The train which conveyed the Japanese Embassy from Baltimore to Philadelphia consisted of two cars and a baggage van. It is needless to say that some thousands of people stood in lines on either side of the road to see the illustrious strangers off. At Havre de Grace six members of the Common Council of Philadelphia entered the cars, and made one of the very commonplace addresses to which the strangers are becoming accustomed, and to which they replied in their usual laconic style. While this went on, the train had been borne in the ferry boat along the river.

They Enter Philadelphia.

On arriving at Wilmington, the Japanese began to experience the ordeal of shouts, hoots and insults which afterwards tried them so severely. The locomotive, which was handsomely adorned, was here shown to the Ambassadors, who were invited to take a place upon the platform. They, of course, declined the request. Not so the boy, Tommy, who mounted, and enjoyed the ride immensely, ringing the bell furiously until the train arrived, at half-past three o'clock, in Philadelphia. When at the depot he took a leap of decidedly acrobatic force from his position. After some little confusion and trouble, the Chairman of the Committee succeeded in getting the strangers and the treaty-box in marching order. The Ambassadors, stepping from the cars, were then introduced to the Mayor, who addressed them as follows:

In behalf of the assembled authorities, and in the name of the citizens of Philadelphia, I welcome your Excellencies. As the Ambassadors of a powerful Sovereign to the Federal Government of our country, you are entitled to every manifestation of respect. As the representatives and first visitors from a great nation hitherto strangers, but with whom it is desired to promote and foster the most friendly intercourse through all coming years, we offer you the hospitalities of the city. We entertain the hope that during your visit to Philadelphia your Excellencies will have full assurance of the hearty good will and kindly regard with which your presence is welcomed by its citizens.

To this the Japanese replied, through their own interpreter, with a short, formal compliment, and took up their line of march, Capt. Dupont leading the way with the Chief Envoy on his arm, and Mayor Henry walking beside them. On leaving the depot, the Chiefs, with their cortege, were saluted by a large body of troops and the roar of a vast mob. The procession here formed, consisting of a body of Police and the various city troops, Black Hussars, Dragoons, City Councils, Zouaves, Clerks, Minute Men, Gen. Cadwallader, and all manner of Guards, Cavalry, Artillerymen, Cadets, Blues, Greens, Rifles, Guards, Brass Bands, and Irish and Dutch Companies. This vast body moved slowly, not directly to the hotel, but by a series of very extensive detours through the great portion of the old city proper of Philadelphia up Broad street to Walnut, up Walnut to Nineteenth, up Nineteenth to Arch, down Arch to Third, along Third to Chestnut, and up Chestnut to Ninth! In some parts of the city the immense crowd was very noisy, annoying and insulting, the shouts and jeers of "There go the niggers!" and "Japs!" being very general. But despite minor annoyances of this nature, the scene was, on the whole, truly splendid. It is said that on no public occasion did the population turn out so generally or present so gay an appearance. All was animation and life, and there was an air of *de fete* over the whole which was literally indescribable. The enormous masses of people, all well dressed, formed, of course, the most striking feature. "Where can they all have come from?" inquired a New Yorker. "Where do they keep themselves generally?"

As the procession approached the Continental Hotel the annoyances began again. It was with the greatest difficulty that a very great body of police, aided by troops, could clear a passage. The hoots and cries were here very annoying. The Embassy was finally brought into the hotel and conducted to the balcony to witness the military file past. Here, however, they were much annoyed by "ladies" who pressed forward to see the troops, so as to prevent the Japanese from seeing. After this they retired to their rooms. It is to be apprehended that so far the illustrious strangers have formed but an indifferent opinion of the street multitude of this country. Their general opinion of the day is thus given by a correspondent:

During the evening the Ambassadors complained of great fatigue, and said they were afraid they had appeared very ridiculous to the people, for the people laughed and shouted at them. They were evidently under the impression that anything but respect had been shown to them by many of the roughs, and the Imperial interpreter had reported that they had been called "niggers," while it was ascertained that an attempt had been made to pull one of their number out of his carriage, which was, I am sorry to say, a fact. They expressed a wish for less publicity, and if possible, entire privacy during the remainder of their stay in the country. The rest of the Embassy, however, were a crowd, and take great delight in hobnobbing with the boys and girls.

They Visit the Philadelphia Mint.

On the morning of the 13th and on other occasions while in Philadelphia, the Japanese visited the Mint. This was to them a matter of much importance, as they were desirous of arranging for the re-coinage of their money, and for the establishment by analysis of a basis for the future valuation of our mutual coinage. On their first visit nothing material was done, the Ambassadors insisting that a whole *coban* should be analyzed. The scales in use are, however, too delicate for any such wholesale foundry work. It was proposed to them to melt three *cobans* and analyze a portion, but this they declined, and the analysis was postponed until the next day. An address was delivered to them by Colonel Seorden, Director of the Mint, in which he wisely suggested to them that it might be judicious if the Japanese Government would adopt the American standard of nine-tenths of gold or silver, and one-tenth of alloy. The first Ambassador replied, intimating that he already understood our currency, but would be pleased to inspect the analysis. The party were then shown through the Mint. "They manifested no emotion whatever at the sight of barrels of coin and bars of the precious metals." It is worth mentioning that the female employees at the Mint behaved in a modest and lady-like manner, neither pressing up close to the Japanese, or clapping their hands or annoying them in any way whatever. It is said that this was almost the first instance since the Japanese have been in the country when the Princess and suite were not literally annoyed by females when the latter had an opportunity to do so. It should be borne in mind however, in justice to our fair countrywomen, that those who have thus annoyed them have been principally of the brazen and ignorant sort.

Box of American Coins for the Japanese Embassy.

An elegant box, containing all the current coin of America, has been prepared as a present to the Embassy. It will contain a double eagle, an eagle, a half eagle, a three dollar piece, a two dollar and a half gold piece, a gold dollar, a silver dollar, a silver half dollar, a quarter dollar, a dime, a half dime, a three cent piece and a nickel cent. These rest on a crimson velvet lining, stamped with thirty-two stars. The case is of green moreocco and about half a foot square.

While in Philadelphia the Embassy visited Fairmount and a number of manufactories, and were treated to a view of the ascension of two balloons at Point Breeze. One shot into the air with startling rapidity, the other more slowly. "Tommy" was desirous of ascending, but his elders vetoed the proposition. While here they also visited the gas works there, the largest in this country. During their stay in the city they were individually very much annoyed by vulgar persons teasing them for gifts and autographs.

On the 12th the Japanese were taken to see a variety of performances at the Academy of Music. The programme consisted of the overture to "William Tell," the second act of "Lucresia," "The Rough Diamond," "The Star Spangled Banner," sung by Parodi; dancing, legerdemain by Blitz, choruses by a German society, and a comic pantomime, "The Vol au Vent." The fact that Parodi was a woman, and some of the flip-flops in the "Vol au Vent" were about all that interested them in this singular *mélange*, though some of the lower class laughed without understanding them at the buffooneries of Joe in "The Rough Diamond."

While in Philadelphia the medical men of the Embassy were treated with great courtesy by Dr. Gross, formerly of this city, and well known as one of the most eminent surgeons in this or any country. He performed for them an important lithotomic operation. On the 13th the Japanese doctors witnessed the operation of amputating a thigh at the hip joint and of the forearm under the influence of ether; the operations being performed by Professor Pancoast. They manifested the intensest curiosity.

THE JAPANESE IN NEW YORK.

Preparations to Receive the Ambassadors at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York.

Without at all wishing to underrate the hotels of the other cities, it must be confessed that the Messrs. Leland's arrangements far eclipsed anything that had been seen for magnificence, completeness and comfort. The whole of the spacious second floor was devoted to their reception, and the decorations were most superb and artistic. The suite of rooms for the first Ambassador are on the second floor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, thus affording one of the most magnificent views in the city. Attached to these rooms are baths, dressing-rooms, and other luxurious appliances. The other Ambassadors have a suite of rooms adjoining those of their chief. In order to spare the strangers the annoyance of public dining, Mr. Leland has arranged that all their meals shall be served in their own apartments. This will greatly contribute to the comfort of so fastidious and exclusive a nation as the Japanese.

The other officers, to the number of sixteen, are all of equal rank, and will occupy parlors and bed-rooms on the same story, extending up Broadway. Their dining-rooms, which have been fitted up and painted by Delamano, in the Japanese style, will be separate from those of the principal officers of the Embassy. All the rooms will have baths and other conveniences attached. The fifty-two attendants of the Embassy will occupy apartments on the same floor, along Prince street, and back rooms on Crosby street. They will also have separate rooms for dining, and every convenience necessary.

The American Commission, which consists of Captains Dupont, Porter and Lee, will occupy a suite of rooms on the first floor, where they will also have their reception and business rooms. They will likewise be accommodated with private dining-rooms for themselves and their friends.

The Committee of the Common Council have a room appropriated to themselves, on the first floor. A private entrance in Crosby street has been opened for the separate use of the Embassy. The balcony in Broadway is also given up exclusively to the Japanese. This will afford to them a street view of about five hundred feet of the finest thoroughfare in the world. The rear of their apartments opens upon the beautiful garden of Niblo's world-famous establishment, which will be profusely illuminated during the stay of these interesting strangers. A fountain will also lend a refreshing coolness to the air, and the trees and flowers are so arranged as to give a vivid idea of eastern luxury.

This for the outside of the Hotel; now let us take a glance at the inside.

The two large halls on the second story are beautifully decorated with banners and flags of all nations, among which that of the Japanese will be prominent. The arms of the different States of the Union are conspicuously displayed and a number of banners, inscribed with appropriate sentences in the Japanese language, entwined with the others. These inscriptions have been composed by Mr. Warren Leland, who went to Washington on purpose to acquaint himself with the wants of the distinguished strangers. The hotel was brilliantly illuminated, both within and without, on the night of the arrival of the guests.

The Princes' suite of apartments on the corner of Prince and Broadway are got up in the most costly manner. Richness and luxury abound, and everything that could be imagined as a means to conduce to personal comfort has been cared for and added. We notice in the principal apartment one of John B. Dunham's magnificent grand pianos, with all the modern improvements, over-string bass, &c. The Princes will have frequent opportunities of listening to the grand tones of this superb instrument. One of John B. Dunham's fine square pianos was sent to Japan in 1859 we think—for we noticed the fact at the time—as we believed that it was the first piano of American manufacture ever seen in that land of mystery and exclusiveness. Our manufacture was nobly represented by that instrument, for no more sterling piano was ever manufactured. So John B. Dunham has a sort of trade relationship with the Japanese Embassy.

The Reception.

The reception of the Japanese Ambassadors on Saturday was an illustration of what New York can do when she tries. At ten o'clock the steamboat Alida started to meet the illustrious strangers at Amboy, having on board the Common Council and some invited guests.

They Leave Philadelphia.

The Embassy left Philadelphia in carriages provided by the City Council. No escort accompanied them from the hotel to the ferry. Four cars made up the special train over the Camden and Amboy Road, which were occupied by the Embassy in the order of rank. At Camden, Bordentown, Hightstown and Shottswold, where the train stopped, great crowds were on hand, cheered lustily and waved handkerchiefs, &c.

On Board the Alida.

Nothing could excel the arrangements on board the Alida. The press was well represented, and the entire Board of Councilmen were present. Fifteen Aldermen also honored the occasion.

Mr. Warren Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, had charge of the tables in person, aided by thirty-five colored waiters. Three tables were set, one in the far aft cabin or ladies' saloon, for the Princes, the accommodations being arranged for four persons. In the lower forward cabin there was a table for the retinue of the Embassy, and in the main deck there were two tables in parallel lines along the boat—the latter was for the committee and their guests. The boat went down outside of Staten Island, and reached South Amboy at a quarter before twelve o'clock. The Embassy arrived at a quarter past twelve, and came on board in the order of their rank, accompanied by the Naval Commission and five members of the City Council of Philadelphia. The wharf was densely crowded. Several schoolboys were on hand with numerous flags; when the Embassy had all come on board, the Princes were introduced to the members of the Reception Committee in the ladies' main saloon, where Alderman Cornell addressed the Chief Ambassador as follows:

"It is a great pleasure in offering you our hospitalities. It is proper that the first representatives of the great Japanese nation who have ever visited our shores should be received with those courtesies which New York always extends to distinguished strangers. As the great commercial emporium of the United States, our city is bound by ties of interest to every nation on the face of the globe, and to none more warmly than to Japan, by the recent treaty from which we have every reason to expect the greatest benefits will result to both countries. Allow me, illustrious Ambassadors from His Majesty the Tycoon of Japan, to again welcome you to our city."

The Prince responded, when Namouro, the Imperial Interpreter, rendered the response into Dutch, and Mr. Portman, our Government Interpreter, gave it as follows:

"The Ambassadors are extremely gratified with the reception and cordial welcome extended to them, and are much obliged to the gentlemen representing the city of New York, who have come here to welcome us."

Coming up the Bay.

Coming up the Bay the Japanese artists made sketches of everything that presented itself. The Ambassadors and Naval Commission remained in the after cabin the whole time. Tommy was the observed of all observers. Everybody on board shook hands with him, and treated him as an old friend.

Fort Hamilton ran up a flag, and a salute was fired from Bedloe's Island.

The scene as the Alida approached the Battery was very imposing; the streets were crowded with well dressed thousands as far as the eye could reach.

Arrival at the Battery.

About two o'clock business was entirely suspended, and the military formed in line to receive the expected visitors. The scene was most animated, the stores being crowded with beautiful and elegantly dressed ladies. At half-past two the first gun from the Battery announced the appearance of the Alida. At this minute the military amounted to seven thousand men, and formed a spectacle of which our city may well be proud. In a short time the Alida came alongside Pier No. 1, North River, and after a short delay, occasioned by getting the luggage of the Japanese on shore, our illustrious guests put their feet on the shores of New York.

The reception the Japanese met with was of a most gratifying character. Cheer after cheer greeted them as they passed up from the Battery through the whole extent, till they were safely housed in their House of Rest, the far-famed Metropolitan Hotel.

Order of Procession.

At the Battery the procession was formed in the following order: Police mounted and on foot.

Troop Washington Grays, Captain Varian.
Seventh Regiment Troop, Captain Poley.
Joint Committee of Reception of the Common Council.
First Ambassador and Captain Dupont.
Second Ambassador and Captain Lee.
Third Ambassador and Captain Porter.
Treasurer of the Embassy and Secretary of Naval Commission.
Two Governors of the Embassy.
Two Sub-Governors of the Embassy.
Two Secretaries of the Embassy.
Two Doctors of the Embassy.
Two Sub-Secretaries of the Embassy.
Treaty Box, with canopy and three attendants, drawn by six horses.
Twenty carriages, containing men-at-arms, and other attendants of the Embassy.
One carriage, with the two Secretaries of the Joint Committee of the Common Council.
One carriage, with the Sergeant-at-Arms.
One carriage, containing the Presidents of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen.
Thirteen carriages, containing the Members of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen.
One carriage, containing Members of the Common and Select Councils of Philadelphia.
A file of police guarded either side of the carriages.
The Eight Regiment formed around the carriages, and acted as Guard of Honor.
The First Division New York State Militia, under the command of Major-General Sandford.

The Route.

The procession passed from the Battery up Broadway as far Grand street, through which it passed into the Bowery. From thence up to Union Square, and then down Broadway again to the Metropolitan Hotel.

VERY NEATLY DONE.

A PHILADELPHIA paper contains the following admirable proof of the remarkable ability of woman to do anything she sets her mind to:

"A few days ago a well dressed female alighted from a carriage in front of one of the largest and most fashionable dry goods houses on Fourth street, and entering the establishment, asked to be shown some shawls. After looking over the stock she selected one worth forty dollars, handing the salesman in payment a hundred dollar bill, of the genuineness of which the cashier expressed some doubt, and submitted it to an expert in such matters, who pronounced it perfectly good. The change was then handed to the customer, when she pointed out some blemish in the shawl, which had not previously been observed, and declined to take it, demanding the return of her money, which was done, and the bill once more placed in her neat little portemonnaie, from which it had but a minute before been extracted.

The attentive attaché, somewhat disappointed at missing the sale, politely insisted upon her again looking over the stock, telling her he did not doubt she could be suited, and regretting that he had not a duplicate of the one she had first chosen. She readily consented, seeming desirous of making purchase, but after once more examining the assortment, concluded that none would answer her purpose. When about to leave, she offered the salesman thirty-three for the first selection, which owing to the blemish, he thought best to accept, notwithstanding a rule of the house that no goods should be marked down. The shawl was then neatly enveloped, the hundred dollar bill again brought forth, and the change carefully put away, when the lady stepped into the carriage and was rapidly driven away.

A few hours later, when the cashier went to the bank, he was surprised to learn that the hundred dollar bill was a counterfeit. The truth flashed upon him in an instant. The lady had given the salesman a genuine bill the first time, and afterwards substituted for it a counterfeit. She is an entire stranger, has not been seen since, and probably never will be again, at least in that establishment.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A series of frightful murders has been committed by Mr. Whetworth, the master gunner of Sandown Castle, Isle of Wight. He murdered his wife and six children, and then wound up by cutting his own throat. The wound he inflicted upon himself was not fatal, and he is in the hospital. The particulars are too horrible for recital, beyond the bare fact. He had killed them while they were in their beds. The medical men say he is insane.

Miss Rev. Mr. Hatch, whose innocence was established by the verdict of a jury against the girl Plummer, has been released from Newgate.

The fearful increase of child murder in England has attracted the attention of the Government. It would almost seem to have become more an institution than with us. Much of this is occasioned by the unreasonable harshness of parents, who, instead of reclaiming erring daughters, drive them to murder their illicit offspring. The law has yet to deal with seduction in a summary and philosophical spirit. There are men in the community who, having driven their wives from them by their bad conduct, revenge themselves upon society by seducing young and inexperienced women, devoting energies which ought to be profitably employed on Blackwell's Island in breaking granite and picking oakum. Such men are those who go about speaking slightly of woman's virtue and man's integrity.

A LUNATIC pauper in Bethnal Green Workhouse lately met with his death in being put into a bath of scalding water. He was actually scalded alive by the careless brutes who had charge of him. The Coroner severely censured the authorities, but as it was an accident, no punishment could be visited on them.

The law has lately decided that a father is liable for the support of his daughter, even though they be widows with six children. It is well that law is strong enough to compel parents to be human in cases where they obstinately persecute daughters for having married against their wishes.

A CRIMINAL in Liverpool, who has been for some years in the habit of drugging sailors, and then shipping them to vessels which are waiting for their crews, was tried there lately, and condemned to seven years' penal servitude. This ought to be done here. The result of the infamous proceedings is found in Saladin murders and oyster shell mysteries!

We read every day of the exhaustion of treasures. A short time since a cotager, at Charlton, was digging in his little plot of land at the front of his house, and close by the main road, when he turned up an old earthenware jar, the mouth of which was covered with a saucer. Two neighbors, with arms akimbo, leaning on the paling, were watching his proceedings. "Hello!" said one of them, "what have you got there?" "It's an awd pot; you can take it with you if you like." He handed the worthless-looking "awd pot" to his friends, who carried it to a neighboring public-house, where, on examination, it was found to be full of silver crowns and half-crown pieces, all of the reign of Elizabeth, to the total value of £21. They returned to the finder of the jar, and the spoil was divided into three equal parts, so that each became the possessor of £7.

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarrleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER LV.

Lord Dalville was one of those characters, so rarely met with in the world, who never make a compromise with duty. Satisfied that Phil was for the present safe under the British flag, his lordship proceeded to the palace to solicit an audience of Ferdinand.

Nothing could be more graceful than the manner in which the ambassador was received. There was a tone of personal interest in the flattering terms in which he was greeted by the health of the countess.

"The queen complains of her absence from court," he observed. "Her majesty is never more satisfied than when her excellency forms one of her chosen circle."

His lordship bowed profoundly enough to hide the involuntary smile that curled his lip at this place of royal insincerity. He knew the real value of the coin his Neapolitan majesty paid compliments in, and offered the proper change.

"Lady Dalville is deeply honored, sire, by so distinguished a mark of the royal benevolence. Failing health alone has deprived her of the happiness of paying her respectful homage more frequently."

"Greatly as we lament her absence, my lord, we still more deeply regret the cause," replied Ferdinand, trusting, by those flattering marks of interest, to captivate the man he could not disarm. The Minister of Police had already informed him of the escape of the prisoner, and he more than guessed the purport of his visit.

"Sire," said the earl, drawing himself up to his full height, "a most atrocious act of injustice has been committed on the person of a British subject. Mr. Blandford, the young Englishman who, in ignorance of the law, entered the dominions of your majesty under an assumed name, has been kept in secret in the dungeons of Bel Respiro."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Ferdinand, with well-affected surprise. "Had there been a doubt upon the subject, sire," replied the ambassador, "I should not have presumed to solicit an audience for the purpose of presenting a respectful remonstrance to your majesty."

"The proceeding is unusual, my lord," he observed, with a marked emphasis upon the word, "but we'll pass over that. If there has been error, it shall be rectified. You had better see Falconet at once."

"Pardon, sire, but I can hold no communication with a minister who has lied not only to myself, but what is far more serious, to his sovereign. Had such a course been consistent with the position I have the honor to hold, I should not have appealed personally to your majesty."

"If the statement your excellency has made proves correct," said the king, "I will give orders for the immediate release of the prisoner."

"He is already at liberty, sire," answered Lord Dalville, calmly. "How?"

"And now under the protection of the British flag."

"We are deeply indebted to your lordship," remarked Ferdinand, with a scowl, "for undertaking the police of our kingdom."

"I had nothing to do with his escape, which was accomplished by the devotion of his friends—was ignorant of the fact of his being on board the Agamemnon. Had I possessed proof of his imprisonment, it would have been my painful duty to have demanded his release."

"The King of the Two Sicilies fixed his eyes upon the speaker, and slowly repeated the word 'demanded.'"

"On payment, of course," added the ambassador, "of the fine—the only punishment recognized by the laws of the kingdom for his offence."

"Since, as you say, my lord, the gentleman is under the protection of the British flag, I am at a loss to discover the purpose of this audience."

"He is ill, sire."

"Ah! indeed?"

"The pestilential atmosphere of Bel Respiro has all but done its work. His physician declares it imperative that he should be brought on shore. I would solicit the positive assurance that he shall not again be molested by Signor Falconet or his myrmidons."

"That is simply an affair of the police," observed the king, in a careless tone.

"Your majesty will pardon me if I venture to suggest that it is something more. Should the fears of the physician be realized, and Mr. Blandford die in consequence of his illegal detention in a prison reserved only for the worst of criminals—it might lead to grave complications. He is the heir of a great fortune; his friends in England have powerful influence; the press would only too glad to seize an opportunity of exciting hostile feelings in the public mind."

"Once more I must refer your excellency to Falconet," interrupted Ferdinand, impatiently.

"Most respectfully I must decline any communication with him," replied the earl, who, during the audience, had been careful to observe every outward mark of deference. "I have done my duty, sire, and entreat you to believe it has been a painful one."

"Could I," he added, fixing his eyes upon those of the monarch, "by merely croaking my little finger, induce the head of the police to make the only reparation in his power for the outrage he has committed, I would not degrade myself by doing so, far less enter upon an official correspondence with him."

The countenance of his Neapolitan majesty flashed to the very temples. The sign by which he had instructed his unprincipled minister to deny all knowledge of the prisoner had been understood, and Ferdinand himself appeared in the undimmed light of an accomplice and instigator of the lie by which they had endeavored to impose upon the representative of a friendly power.

With his usual tact, he seized upon the difficulty of his position, and took the only means left to retreat with anything like dignity.

"Perhaps, after all," he exclaimed, with affected frankness, "your excellency acted for the best in bringing this affair under our personal notice. Your young countryman's offence is not a very serious one."

The earl bowed.

"Within an hour you shall receive the assurance you solicit, which we are pleased to accord as much as a mark of the high estimation in which we hold your lordship personally, as the result of your reclamations."

The point was gained, the royal word given, and the high-minded representative of England satisfied.

For once, at least, he felt assured the Majesty of Naples would not venture to lie to him, and with this conviction, he withdrew out of the royal presence.

"Earth, earth!" he muttered, as he descended the grand staircase of the palace, "such are thy rulers."

On his arrival at the villa, his lordship found Major Henderson and Captain Brandreth both anxiously waiting his return.

The search of the latter for his son had proved unsuccessful.

There are few natures, however stern, but must have been touched with compassion at the hopeless misery written on the countenance of the unhappy man.

"My boy?" he exclaimed, "is he safe—have you received any intelligence of him?"

"None," replied the earl, with painful surprise. "He accompanied me this morning on board your vessel and remained there. I left him with his friend Phil. Surely no danger can have reached him in a vessel under the British flag, commanded by his own father!"

Captain Brandreth writhed beneath the unintentional reproach.

In a few half-whispered words Major Henderson informed the speaker of what had taken place.

Pity for the fate of our hero, and indignation at the unnatural conduct of his parent, were the first feelings of the ambassador.

"Poor Oliver!" he murmured, "so noble, so devoted, so brave! sacrificed by his own father."

"To a mad suspicion that embittered his existence," groaned the repentant man; "and yet I have not the excuse of madness; for with devilish, self-tormenting cunning I weighed each action of his life, only to distort and blacken it. Were such a monstrous feeling possible in any human breast, I should believe my wish was father to the judgment. But I am punished," he added, "justly punished. My victim himself pronounced the sentence. I am a childless man."

"I will not yet abandon the hope that he still lives," observed the major; "two expert swimmers! the distance not more than two miles from shore."

"I have roared round the bay," replied the commander of the Agamemnon, "landed at every point, offered rewards that would have bribed half Naples, but can obtain no intelligence either of my son or the companion of his fate."

"They may have been carried out to sea by the receding tide," observed Lord Dalville, and picked up by one of the numerous fishing vessels."

It was the last hope; no wonder the conscience-stricken father clung to it as the shipwrecked sailor clings to the plank between him and destruction.

At the entrance to the bay of Naples are several islands, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and their families—a wild and half-civilized population—holding but little communication with the mainland, except for the disposal of their fish. These islands the captain resolved to visit, and taking leave of his excellency and the major, repaired on board to make the necessary arrangements.

"From my soul I pity him!" exclaimed the latter. "There appears a stately in the conduct of some men which forces them to become the architects of their own misery. I have known Brandreth from his boyhood; honor has been his idol—adored with pagan worship; but the last sacrifice has proved fatal to his happiness."

"I cannot understand him," remarked the earl; "to me he appears mad."

When Milly first heard the dangerous state of Phil, she proposed bringing him, according to the will—an arrangement her husband, with his usual benevolence, acceded to, and would have carried out the same day, but for the veto of Doctor Garrison. Nearly a week elapsed before the skillful physician consented to his removal, as exhausted had the fever left him.

Two names were repeatedly upon his lips—Bianca and Oliver.

Those who watched over him with difficulty repressed their feelings,

although, for the sufferer's sake, it was necessary to do so, to conceal the fatal truth; for of the death of our hero and Jack Shears, no reasonable doubt remained.

Tempered by the large reward offered by Captain Brandreth, two fishermen from one of the neighboring isles had brought on board the Agamemnon the clothes stripped from their bodies, which, as they stated, had been cast on shore and buried in quicklime by order of the authorities.

A knife and tobacco-box belonging to the old seaman, and a letter from the major to Phil, were in the pockets.

From the instant he beheld these proofs of their loss, the unhappy father had not been seen to smile. True, he attended to the duties of his ship as usual, issued his orders in a calm, collected tone; but all could read how deeply the iron had entered his soul. It was not remorse, alone, but despair—the seal upon the grave of hope.

For Milly had a hard task to perform. Whilst mourning for the loss of her young protector, as for a brother, with that wondrous self-command woman alone is capable of, she answered the inquiries of Phil for his friend with a smile.

He had been sent from Naples, she told him, by his father.

The sufferer looked in her tearful eyes, felt satisfied, and began daily to gather strength.

Before Bianca was permitted to see her lover, the artless girl had schooled her tongue to the same innocent deceit. No wonder Phil believed it.

The infamous act of the police, and the spirited conduct of the ambassador, became quickly known to the English residents in Naples; report, as usual, exaggerated the facts, which reached at last the ears of Lady Fairclough, whose heart was not naturally bad; the master-passion that engrossed it had stifled, not extinguished, the love she once felt for her son, and the feeling broke forth the stronger from having been so long repressed.

"You know this, Aubrey," she exclaimed—"know that my boy was ill-dying, perhaps—and yet concealed the knowledge from me?"

"I have listened to you too frequently," replied his wife; "planned my faith upon your words; had I been less credulous, less weak, you would have loved me better."

"Some truth in that," mentally ejaculated her husband.

"But I will no longer consent to abandon my son to the cares of strangers," she continued; "my place is by his side. What must Lady Dalville think of me?"

The baronet slowly repeated the name.

"Yes, the ambassador. I have heard it all—her charity—her benevolence—her love for the poor."

"Have you ever seen her ladyship?" demanded Sir Aubrey.

"You know I have not."

"For your own peace of mind, then, avoid her," replied the libertine.

"I do not understand you. This is another subterfuge to persuade me from my duty."

"I must speak plainly, then," observed Sir Aubrey. "Remember, you have forced it from me in order to justify my conduct. Ask yourself, is there a being in the world whom it would wring your heart to meet, the mere sight of whom would fill your soul with bitterness, and awaken the pangs of jealousy within your heart?"

"You know too well there is," replied Lady Fairclough, trembling with emotion.

"Avoid, then, the presence of Lady Dalville."

"You do not mean," exclaimed the jealous woman, "that the wife of one of England's proudest peers, the representative of his sovereign, is the—speak, man, speak—it would blister my tongue to pronounce her name."

"Milly—you have guessed it."

"Here!" gasped Lady Fairclough—"here in Naples, poisoning the atmosphere I breathe, and I kept in ignorance of her presence? This is why, under the plea of watching over my health, you persuaded me to avoid the court and society. Hypocrite—I read it all—that you might indulge your passion with the woman I love! But I will meet her," she added, firmly—"expose, and brave her. Aubrey, Aubrey," she added, "is this the recompense for my sin and sacrifice?"

Overpowered by the violence of her emotion, the unhappy wife threw herself into a chair, and wept passionately.

Alarmed by her sobs, the child, who during the interview had been playing on the balcony, ran to her, and would have thrown his little arms around her neck, but she repulsed him fiercely.

The baronet rang the bell twice.

"Remove your charge," he said to the nurse, who answered it—"your lady is indisposed; the boy is troublesome. You now perceive," he continued, as soon as the female had withdrawn with the infant, "why I concealed the knowledge of Philip's illness from you. After all, I doubt if it is really serious. With his usual folly, he exposed himself to the severity of the law by travelling under a false name. If it will afford you any satisfaction to quit this place, I am willing to accompany you."

"You would screen my rival," replied his wife, with bitterness; "but no, the truth shall be known; Naples shall ring with it—the Earl of Dalville learns that he has married the cast-off mistress of Sir Aubrey Fairclough!"

"He knows it already."

Her ladyship regarded him with a look of incredulity.

"Like most of your sex," added her husband, "you are ingenious in the art of self-tormenting. Why not rest satisfied with hating her? Why compel me to force you to respect her?"

"Respect her!" repeated the angry woman, in a disdainful tone; "this is too much for human patience. You mock my weakness. Beware, lest it change to strength! Respect her? Not even your sophistry can accomplish that miracle."

"You know her gipsy origin," observed the hypocrite, unmoved by the violence of the speaker. "Milly, when I first beheld her, was wild—ignorant—untaught, as the beings amongst whom she had been reared, and knew nothing of the laws and customs of the householders. I will not pain you by describing the arts by which I lured her from the tents of her people—enough that they succeeded; but she also fell a prey to a sort of contract—had been signed, which she believed a marriage."

"I see, I see," murmured Lady Fairclough, "you love her still."

"I hate her!" replied her husband, emphatically.

His wife regarded him for an instant with surprise. "Is it possible," she asked herself, "this man is a coward?"

"Ridiculous!" said the baronet, who read her thought; "but I will answer even that doubt. Within the last few days the game of life has changed. I am now as anxious to establish myself in the opinion of the world as I have hitherto been reckless of it."

"Changed, indeed," repeated Lady Fairclough.

"We have a son."

His wife shuddered.

"His birth," he continued, without regarding her, "has induced my nearest relative, Lord Alton Towers, who for years has discarded me on account of my follies—well, crimes then if you will—to alter his views towards me. I have received a letter from him, in which he announces his intention of making me his heir. You perceive, therefore, that a public quarrel with a man of Dalville's character, at such a moment, might prove prejudicial to my interests."

"Yes, yes," answered the lady, abstractedly.

"Still," said her husband, "Milly shall not escape unpunished. I have sent Hanway to England, with instructions to bring back her gipsy grandfather; the old man is devoted to my interests. I will cause him to proclaim his relationship with her publicly—you can guess the rest."

"And when do you expect him?"

"Daily—hourly."

"It is a poor revenge," observed his wife; "and yet it is one. She has destroyed my happiness—why should I interfere to save her?"

"Why, indeed?" demanded the baronet, in a tone of surprise. As soon as the disclosure has been made we will return to England. Are you satisfied?"

"Anywhere," exclaimed Lady Fairclough, moodily, "that separates you from Milly."

The next day Hanway and Keelan arrived in Naples. During the voyage the valet had been dreadfully annoyed by the intimacy between his charge and Randal. The old man read his uneasiness, and secretly chuckled with pleasure on exciting it. Great was his resentment at the trick that had been played him, Keelan neither felt nor affected the slightest anger against the baronet. On the contrary, there was something almost affectionate in his unceasing expressions of delight at once more seeing him—a feeling that by no means lessened his equality to the valet, on whom he had sworn to be revenged. The gipsy was just the kind of man to keep his oath.

"Rest yourself for a few days, to recover the fatigue of your voyage," said Sir Aubrey; "and then I will explain why I have sent for you."

"You are cunning," chuckled the old man—"can double like the fox, glide unseen like the snake, but you can't do without my help."

"You have, indeed, been most useful to me," observed his foster son; "and this last service rendered, I will take care that the remainder of your days is passed in competence."

"It must be near you!" exclaimed Keelan, eagerly—"near you! I should like to complete the success I have assisted—"

"Who is that?" was the reply.

It was singular to notice the sudden attachment displayed by the gipsy for the child of his employer. He followed the nurse like her shadow, appeared uneasy at her absence, and endeavored to reconcile him to his carouses by making him all kinds of amusing toys. The second day after his arrival Keelan was playing with the infant in the courtyard of the hotel when Lady Fairclough passed in her carriage.

"Who is that horrible-looking wretch?" she demanded.

Keelan bowed bitterly upon her.

"Don't anger him, my lady," whispered the nurse; "he has the evil eye."

Her mistress had no faith in the superstition, and repeated her question to Hanway, who happened to be crossing at the time, in a still more peremptory tone.

"Who am I?" repeated the object of her curiosity. "Ask your husband; he will tell you who I am—perhaps. Shall I tell you who you are?—The wife of a man who cares only for your money. Ha! ha! ha! you, who are that horrible-looking, am I? I have looked upon more beautiful faces than yours. Milly was worth a dozen of you."

With a second swoon, still more hideous than the first, Keelan recommenced playing with the child.

The old gipsy had struck deeply. "Who cares only for your money!" she had frequently repeated the same words to herself.

"Would I were with me!" she murmured to herself; "I should at least have one friend on whom I could rely."

But the faithful negress was far away. And her son—the ward not think of him.

That same evening, while dressing for dinner, the baronet informed the valet of his intention of shortly returning to England.

The man looked exceedingly blank at the intelligence.

"Surely, by this time," exclaimed his master, laughing, "you must be tired of your conquest, Jaquetta. If not, let her accompany you."

"Strange to say, Hanway was not tired of his conquest, and the girl had an unconquerable aversion to crossing the sea—any other objection might have been got over."

"It is not that I am sorry for Sir Aubrey."

"What then?"

"The necessity of quitting the service."

His master regarded him earnestly, and saw that he was serious.

"I intend settling here," continued the valet. "I have saved a little money in your service, and trust you will keep the promise you so frequently made, of providing for me whenever we separated."

"But it has not come to a separation yet."

"I fear it has, Sir Aubrey," replied the valet, doggedly. "The fact is, I have made up my mind never to return to my wife. She has enough to exist on without any help from me."

"And no offer I can make will shake your resolution?" said his master.

"None. I have promised Jaquetta to remain."

"You have served me faithfully," replied the baronet, "and I will keep my promise; but, on my word, Hanway, I shall be sorry to part with you."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

In our last we gave a detailed account of the brilliant and exciting race which took place in New York Bay on the 8th inst.

A large number of yachts of various classes contended, and the favorable weather rendered the trial of speed exciting in the extreme. Our spirited sketch by one of our artists, G. Perkins, Esq., who is acknowledged one of the best marine draughtsmen in America, is taken at the most interesting moment of the race when the Mannering, leading the whole fleet some ten minutes, rounded the buoy at the South-west Spit in splendid style. She was handled with consummate skill, and lost not a moment in rounding, fairly leaving her opponents to follow in her wake.

The beautiful prizes, designed and manufactured by Tiffany & Co., have been distributed in the following manner by the Committee, whose award we append:

Schooners—First Class—Favorita. Vice Commodore A. C. Kingsland.

Schooners—Second Class—Haze. W. B. Duncan, Esq.

Sloops—First Class—Rebecca. J. G. Bennet, Jr., Esq.

Sloops—Second Class—Mannering. C. T. Cromwell, Esq.

Sloops—Third Class—Glengarry. C. Macalister, Jr., Esq.

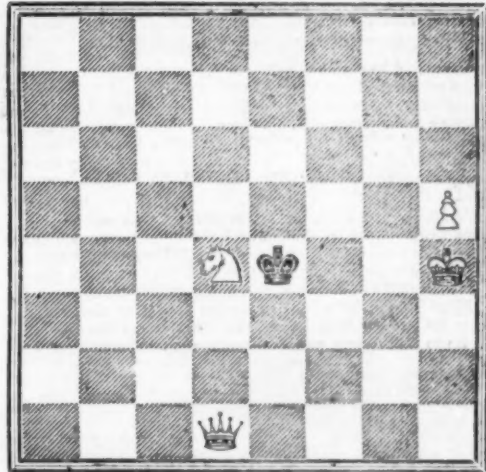
CHAS. H. HASWELL,
JOHN C. JAY,
Regatta Committee.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Fries, the Chess Editor, Box 2498, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 242.—By THEODORE M. BROWN. White to mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. BROOKS, Medway, Mass. We will comply with your request soon.—E. A. SEXTON. Pina becomes a B (ch). Both variations are a most too obvious. The two move position is also too simple.—W. H. BAKER. Sound, but rather too easily solved.—J. W. GLOVER. Several solutions.—G. E. CARPENTER. Sound and pretty good.—WITTS. Problems are weak.—D. RABSON, Pigeon Cove. Two solutions.—J. A. GRAHAM. Sound.—H. L. Problem is too elementary.—J. SCHWARZ. Sound.—W. C. C. New York. Good.—E. of Westchester. Continual problems are not admired. The other two are sound, but not very difficult of solution.

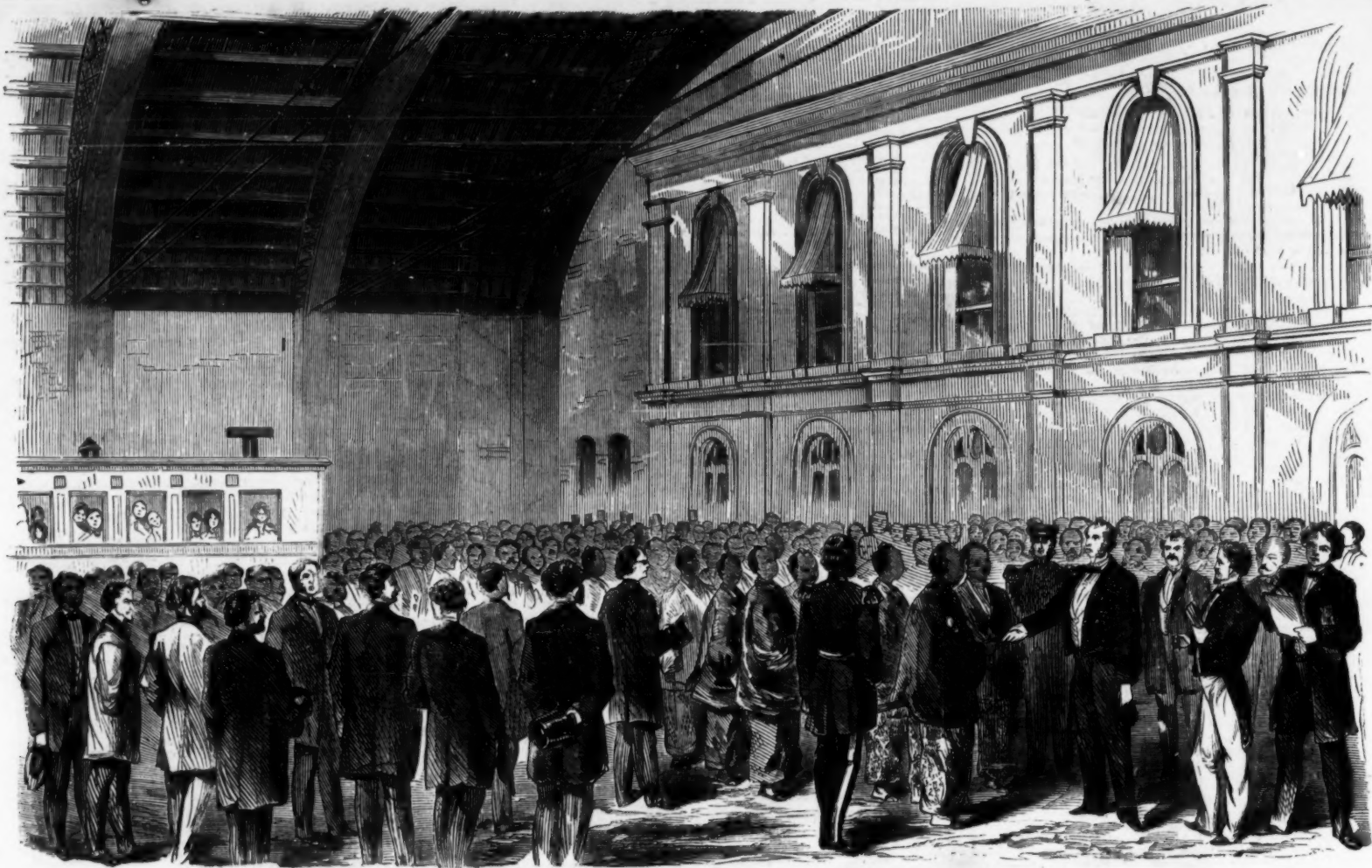
Contributors must excuse the brevity of the above, as our space is limited.

GAMES recently played at the Cigar Divan, Strand, between Messrs. BROWN and WICKHAM.—Mr. B.

WHITE. Mr. W.	BLACK. Mr. B.	WHITE. Mr. W.	BLACK. Mr. B.
1 P to K4	P to K4	10 P to Q3	P to K K4
2 Kt to QB3	B to B4	11 P to K R3	B to K K4
3 P to KB4	P to Q3	12 Q to B3	P to Q3
4 Kt to KB3	B to K K4	13 P to K R4	Castles (Q R)
5 Kt to QR4	Kt to Q B3	14 B to K K4	P to K K4
6 P to Q B3	Q to K2	15 B to K K4 P (ch)	K to B3
7 B to K K4	P to K B P	16 Q to K B P	Q to Q3
8 Q to N3	Kt to K B3	17 Q to K K4	Q to K K4 (ch)
9 Kt to KB	P to K K4		

In the following Game Mr. MORLEY gave the odds of the Q's Kt to Mr. THOMPSON:

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. T.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. T.
1 P to K4	P to K4	14 Kt P to K (d)	P to Q B3
2 Kt to B3	Q Kt to B3	15 R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
3 B to B4	B to B4	16 R to Kt P	R to Kt P
4 P to Q Kt4	B to K K4	17 Q to K K4 P (ch)	R to K2
5 P to QR4	P to Q B3	18 R to Kt P	R to Q3
6 P to Q4 (d)	P to K4	19 R to R3	Q to K2
7 P to B3	P to Q3	20 R to K R (ch)	Q to K R
8 Q to Kt3	Q to K2	21 Q to R3 (ch)	Q to B sq
9 Castles	B to K3	22 Q to K4	Q to



RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY BY THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN FROM BALTIMORE.—SEE PAGE 74.

THE GREAT TROTTING MATCHES ON THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE sporting world has been in a state of great excitement during the past two weeks on the subject of the trial of speed between that extraordinary little trotting mare Flora Temple and the well known trotting horse George N. Patchen. In our last issue we gave an account of the first race, which resulted in favor of Flora Temple in three straight heats. The time made was really extraordinary, being as follows: First heat, 2.21; Second heat, 2.24; Third heat, 2.21½.

Although Patchen was beaten, his reputation was rather enhanced than lowered, for so close was he with the remarkable little mare, that it needed keen eyes and cool judgment to decide which of the two was the winner. The friends of Patchen felt confident that he still had a chance, and in the other race between him and Flora Temple he would prove the fastest of the two. Accordingly the race of Wednesday, the 13th, roused the sporting circles up to the highest pitch of excitement. Some know-



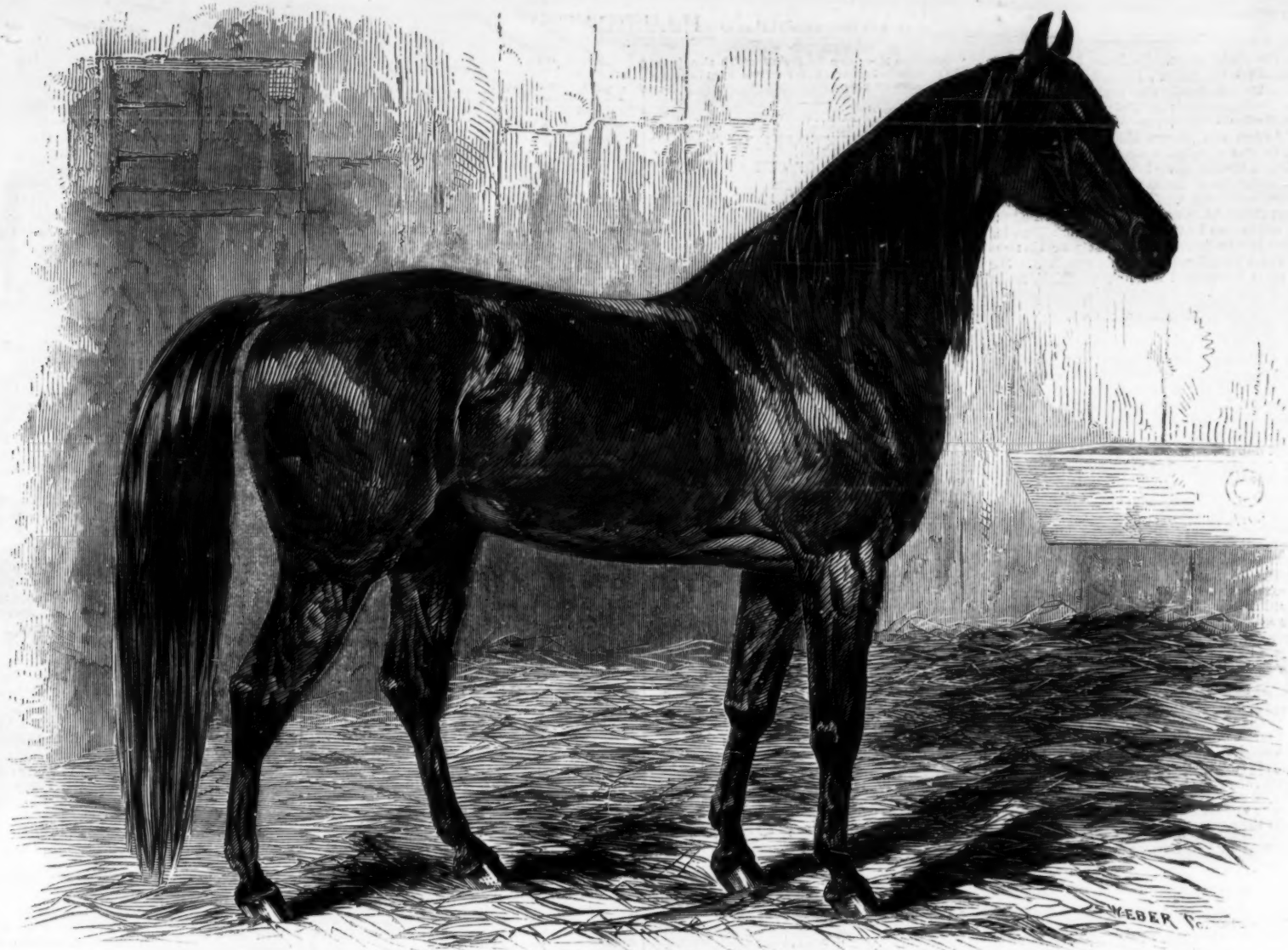
BOX OF AMERICAN COINS, OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS, PRESENTED TO THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.—SEE PAGE 74

ing ones shook their heads, saying, "It's a sure thing—Patchen's bound to win the second race, so that the interest of the third race—which is sure to come off—may be kept up to boiling point." We were unwilling to believe the slur so clearly implied in the remark, but we were compelled to acknowledge that sporting men were "very unsartain," and that it was just possible that races in general were special traps to catch the unwary, and to bring profit to the knowing ones. It is to be lamented that little or no confidence can be placed upon these events, in which so many thousands are interested; for this reasonable lack of confidence reduces the "turf" to a level with the gaming table, and renders it impossible for the majority of the respectable people in our communities to evidence any interest in its exhibitions. It is, however, possible that the losers, in their momentary chagrin, throw out hints of unfairness, which are caught up by outsiders, and lose nothing by travelling from mouth to mouth. Let us hope that such is the case.

There was a brilliant attendance on the Union Course on the second race, and the friends of each of the horses were strong in



VISIT OF THE JAPANESE TO THE PHILADELPHIA MINT, ON THURSDAY, JUNE 13TH.—SEE PAGE 74



THE CELEBRATED TROTTER HORSE GEORGE N. PATCHEN.

their faith, and each found hundreds of partizans on the field clamorous and enthusiastic in expressing their opinions.

When the horses appeared the excitement became intense. Both horses were in fine condition, and we could not blame either party for the unbounded confidence they expressed. But the backers of Flora Temple were bound to be disappointed that day, for Patchen went in to win, and did win in most splendid style.

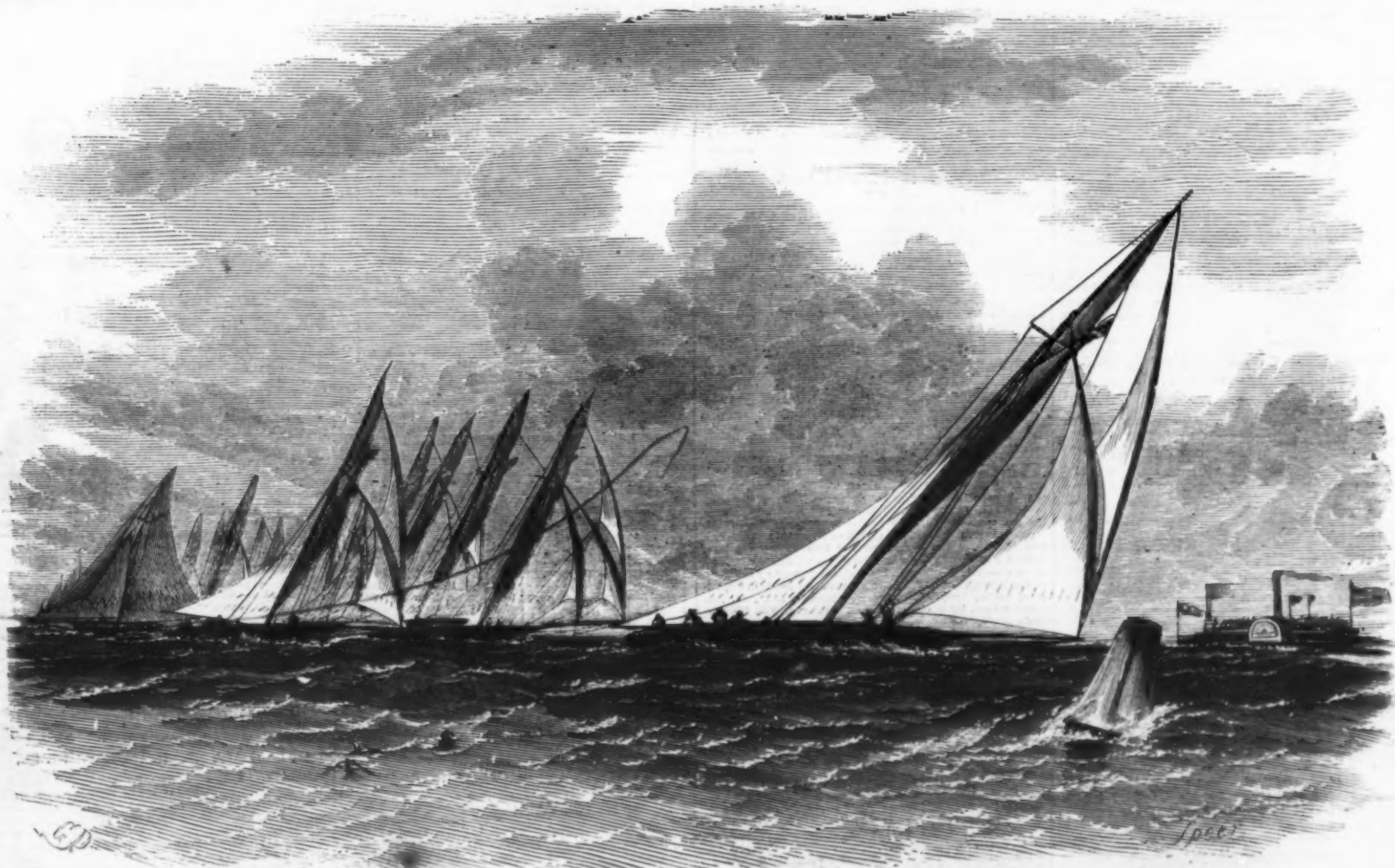
The first heat was made in 4.53½, Patchen beating the mare

by some three lengths. The second heat was made in 4.57½, Patchen beating the mare by several lengths.

The excitement was unbounded, and the friends of Patchen were jubilant at his success. Flora Temple's friends, while they acknowledged defeat, were by no means discouraged, but were satisfied that in a future trial of speed she would be the first in. When both parties are so confident, there can be but little doubt that these famous horses will be matched against each other again before long.

GEORGE N. PATCHEN.

As a trotter this horse is fast rising into celebrity. He is a handsome bay horse, and is between fifteen and sixteen hands high. He is of the Bashaw blood. He was got by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, by Andrew Jackson, by Young Bashaw. He was first matched against Ethan Allen in 1848, who distanced him in the first heat. He was defeated again in 1859, first by Brown Dick, then by Lady Woodruff. The next week, however, he beat Lady Woodruff and Brown Dick, and two days



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA JUNE 7 THE SECOND-CLASS SLOOP MAKERSING ROUNDING THE BUOY AT THE SOUTH-WEST SPIT, IN ADVANCE OF THE WHOLE FLEET—SEE PAGE 75

after the Lady alone. In June, 1860, he beat Brown Dick and Miller's Damsel on the Union Course, but was shortly after beaten three straight heats by Brown Dick in Philadelphia. On the Point Breeze Course, two days after, he beat both Lancet and Brown Dick. In November, 1859, he was matched against Flora Temple on the Union Course, Long Island, which race was not decided, as darkness came on, and a compromise was effected. In 1860 he was matched against Ethan Allen and won, and within the two past weeks has been beaten by Flora Temple, and has in turn beaten her. Last year his time with Flora Temple was 2.24, this year 2.21. He is a great horse, and has not, we think, made his best time yet.

FLORA TEMPLE.

This celebrated trotting mare was foaled in Oneida county, near Utica. She was sired by One-eyed Hunter, who is well-known in the Southern and Western States. She is barely fourteen and a half hands high. At four years old she was sold by her original owner for thirteen dollars. She was next sold for sixty-eight dollars, and, after changing owners two or three times, was bought by Mr. G. E. Perrin, of this city, for three hundred and fifty dollars. She now belongs to Mr. Macdonald, of Baltimore. She has passed through a most extraordinary career of success, having trotted eighty-five races, and winning all with the exception of eight. The sum of her earnings in stakes and purses amounts to sixty-nine thousand five hundred dollars; how much more she has netted to her owners can never be known, but will probably reach into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. She is a noble little creature, and as a trotter stands unrivalled in the world.

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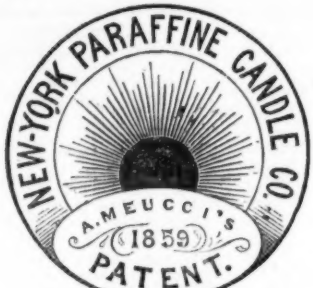
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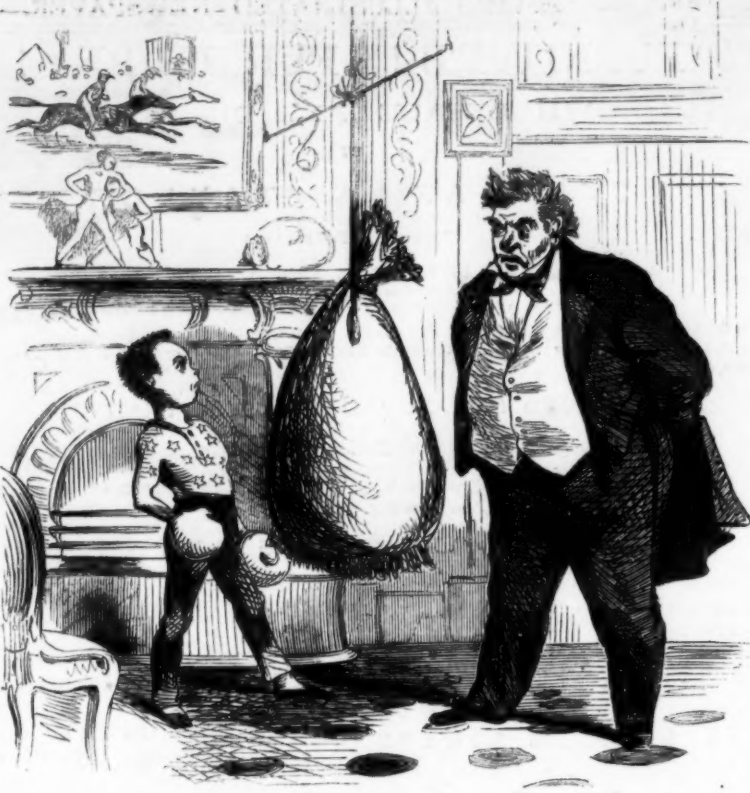
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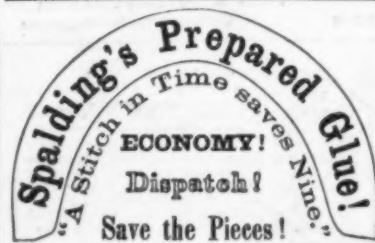
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